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Christmas

1918

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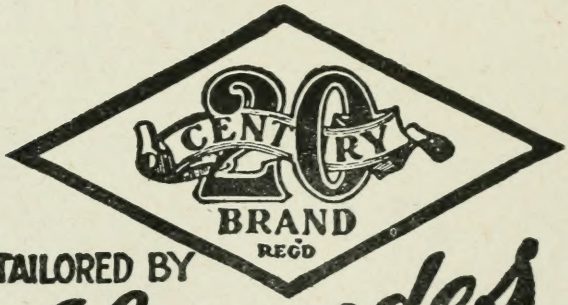

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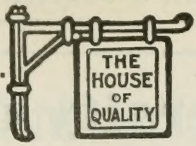

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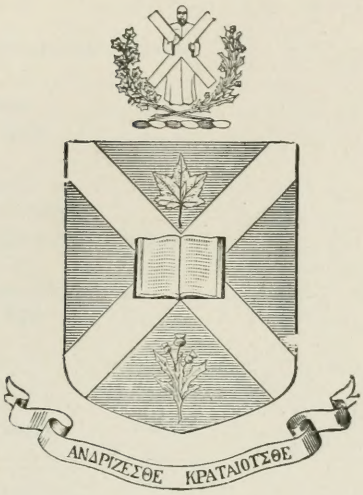

Christmas, 1918

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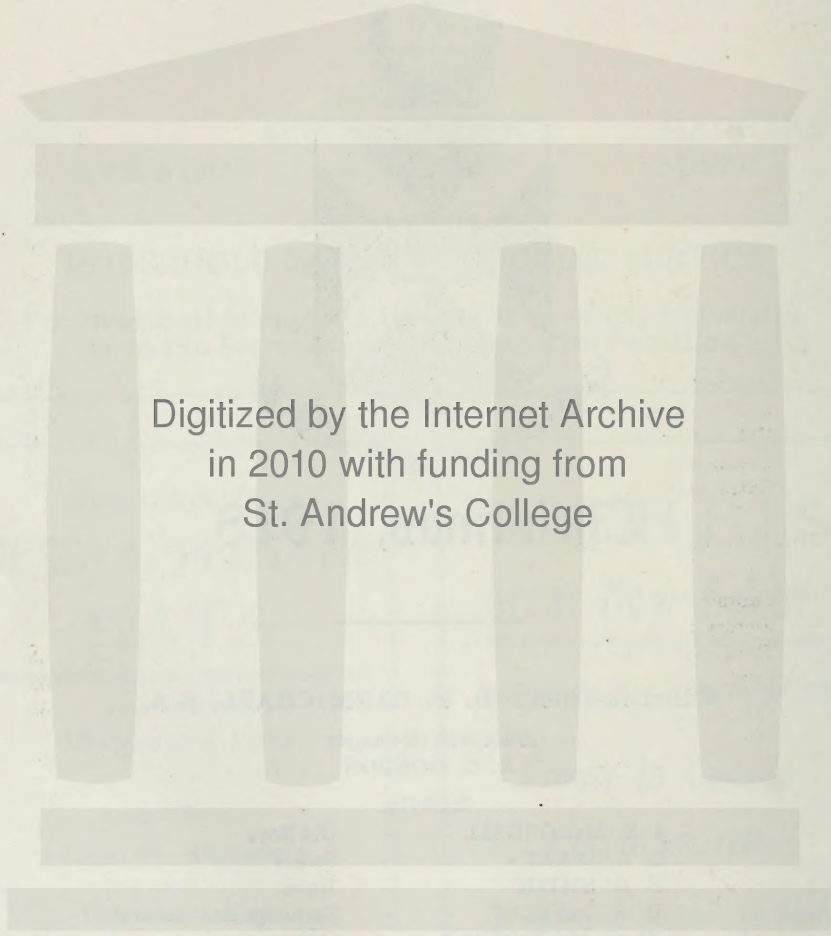

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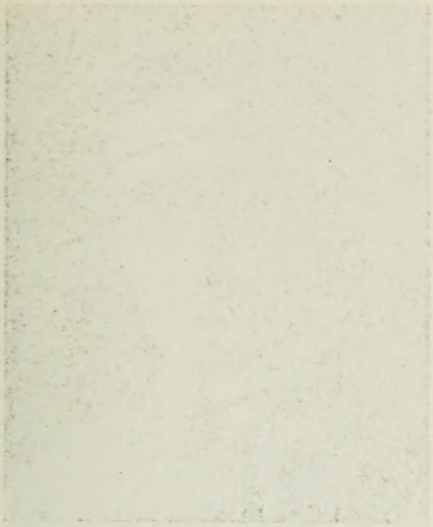

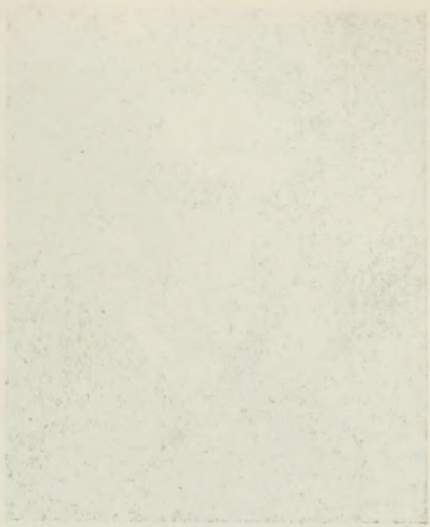

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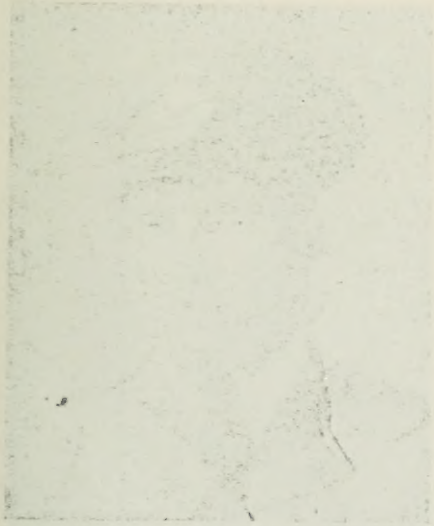

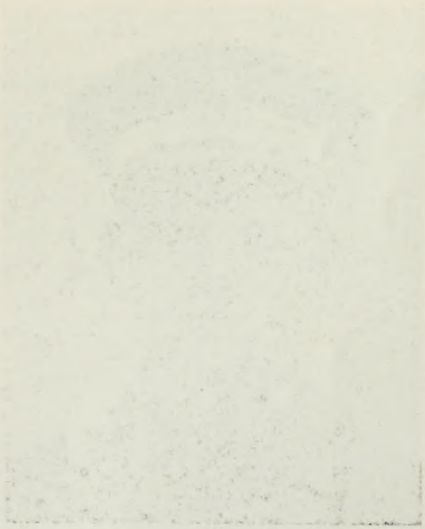

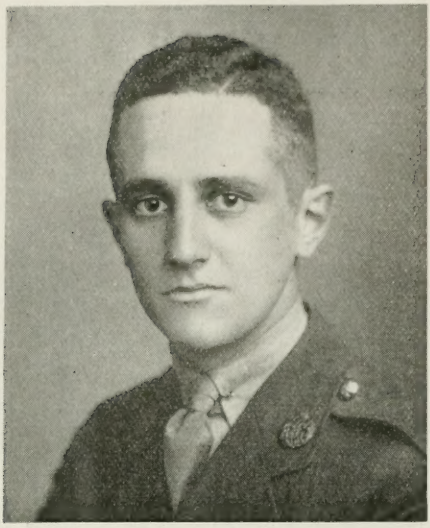

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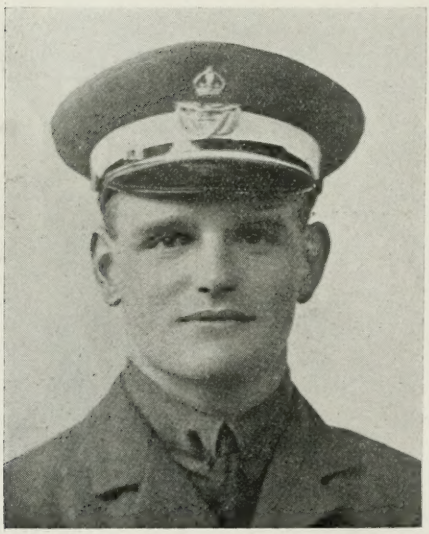

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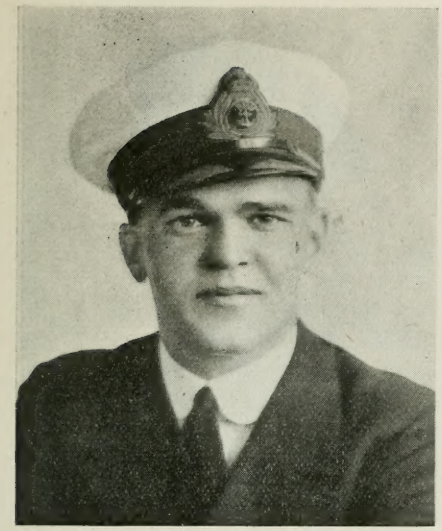

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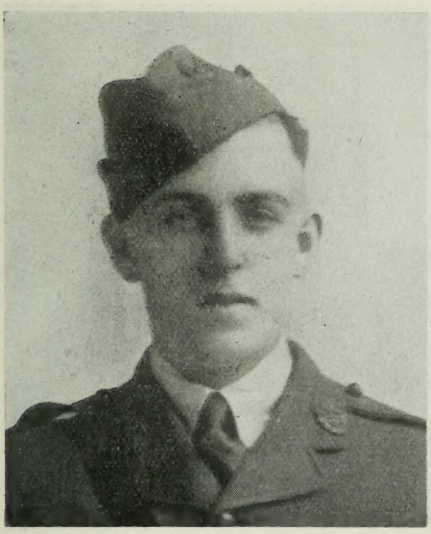

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LIEUT. E. A. RAND
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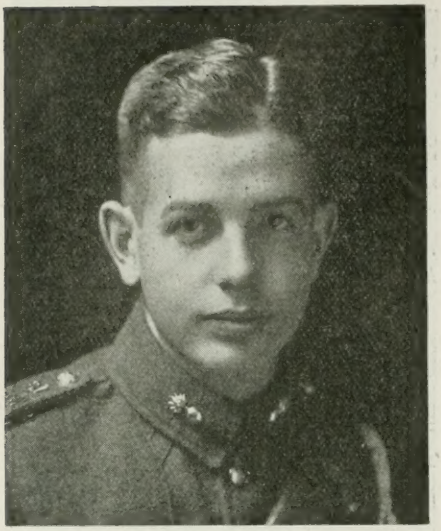


GUNNER W. CRAWFORD TURNBULL
S.A.C. 1912-1917
67th Battery

GUNNER RODERICK A. FERGUSON
25th Battery
S.A.C. 1913
Died on service September 9th, 1917

SERGT. M. G. WINTER, D.C.M.
Newfoundland Regiment
S.A.C. 1912-1915

PTE. DUNCAN L. ANDERSON
Machine Gun Section of the 109th Battalion
June 14th, 1918 Died on service.
S.A.C. 1906

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas. 1918

Editorial

St. Andrew's College,
December Thirteenth, 1918.

To the Old Boys Overseas.

My Dear Boys :

The Editors of the Review have asked me to introduce this Christmas number with a message to the Old Boys overseas, and I gladly comply with their request. This I do the more readily as it affords me an opportunity of offering you, on behalf of the School, our felicitations on being a part of the great force for right, which has overcome the enemy and compelled his surrender. Some of you will soon be coming home, and you will be welcome. It will be the lot of others to remain behind to play a part in reducing order out of chaos. Your task will be one calling for patience, self-control and unselfish conduct. These qualities your careers as soldiers have already shown you to possess. You all have our very sincere congratulations on your contribution to the successful issue of the greatest struggle in the history of the world. We wish you all a speedy return to our midst, and I need hardly assure you that we hope at the old School that none of you will neglect to pay us a visit. The School will be delighted to find accommodation for you, if you are passing through Toronto, and our office is at your disposal for the care and forwarding of any mail, or, for help in any other manner. Remember, you are abroad in great numbers and it is not easy to follow the movements of all with accuracy. I shall hope, therefore, that when you return you will drop me a line to let me know that you are home once more.

Your country awaits the return of you and your comrades with confident assurance that your contribution to the new conditions which must surely arise from the subsidence of this gigantic world disturbance will be of great moment and advantage to the Nation at large. The nations of the world have been thrown into a great crucible, with the result that re-actions have taken place which have hastened developments in a manner strange to humanity. Your best thought, your sanest judgment

and your most unselfish efforts will be the demand of your country's need, when you return to civil life. I have no doubt that St. Andrew's College boys will be found to face the re-adjustments of private and national life with the same fearless readiness that led them in such large numbers at once to drop the tools of their ordinary occupations and hurry overseas to offer themselves, in sacrifice if need be, for the good of humanity. May you always stand, in whatever community it may be your lot to dwell, for equal rights to all and no privileges for any class, high or low.

With me, I doubt not, you are all mindful of our fellow Andreians, of sacred memory, who remain behind awaiting in distant lands the great Resurrection that will accompany the appearing of our Lord. Should you be near their last resting places ere you return offer a prayer in the name of our old School, and thank God for the possession of that high spirit, of which they were such shining examples. Their memory will be perpetuated at the School, but the manner of the memorial will be determined after consultation with you, who should have most to say as to its form.

Christmas greetings and New Year's wishes of happy hope go out to you all from hearts that are full.

Yours faithfully,
D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

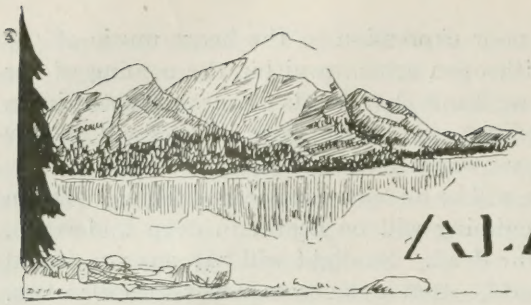
Christmas again! Never before has the Season of Peace meant to us so much as it does now. For four years we have scarcely been able to say "Merry Christmas." The words seemed fraught with disloyalty to the men who were fighting across the sea. We could not forget the hardships they were enduring, nor did we know at what moment would come a message causing hopeful suspense to be turned to hopeless sorrow. Now, what a change! The enemy has been beaten; peace, like a silent footed messenger, has come to us; the soldiers will soon be coming home, and joy, made doubly joyous by contrast with the dark years of the war, will fill all hearts. Now indeed will "Merry Christmas," ring true. The bells may chime their liveliest tunes; the winter sun may shine its brightest upon dazzling snow; evergreens and red berries may vie with the emerald and the ruby in depth and richness of colour; cheeks may glow, eyes may sparkle, and the music of laughter may come from a thousand happy firesides, but each

and all will give but poor expression to the heart music of the mother who stands with open arms, awaiting the coming of her soldier son. To such we know that words of ours cannot bring a jot of additional happiness, yet to the sum of goodwill that is everywhere abounding we would add our "Merry Christmas."

But for some there will be no season of merry making. Down beneath the liveliest chiming will be heard, in deep undertone, the solemn music for the dead. Sunlight will but serve to reveal the emptiness of the world,—that and a cross in war-torn Flanders. With full hearts they will look upon the joy around them,—look and be silent, as are the graves upon which their thoughts are ever fixed. But it is not all unhappiness. Perhaps in the true analysis of reality it may be that more real joy is hidden by the sombre garments of bereavement than there is in many a ringing laugh. To those proud, sad ones we extend a greeting of hope, peace and goodwill.

In this issue of the REVIEW will be found a list, as complete as possible, of all the Old Boys of Saint Andrew's College who have sacrificed their lives in the war, and also a list of those who have won honours on the field, by being decorated by the King, or by being mentioned in despatches. We sincerely regret the appearance of many new names in the former list. To have spent years in the midst of almost inconceivable dangers, to have passed through these dangers in safety and with honour, only to be sacrificed, as the white angel of peace comes fluttering earthward, is inexpressibly sad. We can but give our sympathy to the parents and friends of those heroes.

The REVIEW desires to acknowledge its appreciation of the patronage given to it by the many business men of Toronto, who advertise in its columns. It should require no argument to convince Saint Andrew's boys that they are under moral obligation to patronize firms which help to support their school magazine. That most of the school business will be directed by our advertising we feel assured. We trust that when the time comes for renewal of contract, firms will feel that money spent in this way is profitably invested and so keep their names on our pages. By patronizing our advertisers we can assist our school paper in a most practical manner.



ALASKA.

BY MURRAY McPHERSON.

The word Alaska usually recalls to the mind a peninsula lying directly north of British Columbia and jutting out into Bering Sea. This, however, is not the Alaska best known to tourists. The best known part of the country is that narrow strip of land lying along the Pacific Coast which was bought from Russia by the United States in 1867.

Previous to the war most American tourists went to Europe for their vacations. But during the last four years these European pleasure jaunts have had to be discontinued. Naturally, the pleasure seeker has turned toward the unknown and scenic parts of his own country. The West has offered the greatest opportunity for travel and adventure and of the west the Canadian Rockies and Alaska easily take precedence over all other parts.

To the dweller of the East, Alaska is a far distant country. But when one is in Vancouver it is only a question of stepping aboard an ocean liner and then a three or four days' sail in order to see what is best of the subject of our sketch.

From Vancouver to Skagway, the chief point in this part, the distance is about one thousand miles and the trip occupies three days and a half. Both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway operate boats as far north as Skagway. The course lies along an inland passage, that is, between innumerable islands which line the coast and the coast itself. The open sea is encountered only twice during the passage and in these places it is usually very rough.

Small villages and towns are encountered along the route. Five hundred miles of the journey lie through Canadian waters. The Olympic mountains are passed, and the Strait of Georgia and finally the Seymour Narrows where the mainland and Vancouver island are separated by a channel one third of a mile wide. Ketchikan is the first port of call in Alaskan Territory. It is

situated on the Revillagigedo island. High mountains guard it like sentinels towering above its harbour which is shaped like a half moon.

The next stop is at Wrangell. There has been a settlement here for nearly one hundred years. Many fine totem poles are to be observed and other evidences of primitive Indian life. The town is situated at the mouth of Stikine river and Wrangell Narrows. The waters here have been the object of superstitious awe of the natives for generations. The treacherous currents are in their minds due to evil spirits.

Shortly after leaving Wrangell the great Taku glacier is passed. It is more than a mile wide and continually sends down giant icebergs into the waters at its foot. As we get further North a steady increase in the size of the mountains is noticed and the scenery becomes grander.

Skagway itself dates from the days of the Klondyke rush. Here there was gathered together fifteen thousand people. It was the gateway to the golden North. Though it has lost most of its feverish energy of its early days it is yet a town of importance.

Most people have a wrong idea of the climate of Alaska and fertility of soil. Along the coast there are no great extremes of temperature owing chiefly to the warm Pacific Currents. In the interior, however, it is a different matter. Here the high altitudes, dryness of the air and absence of wind produce great extremes of temperatures in the valleys. In the summer season—from the middle of June to the middle of August—the days are very hot, the thermometer hovering around 100° in the shade. But as soon as the sun dips below the horizon the mercury at once drops, and one is always able to sleep in comfort.

During the winter the cold is intense, 90° of frost being not uncommon. However, owing to the dryness of atmosphere, little discomfort is felt. When the temperature gets as low as 40° below zero very heavy mists form which prevent one from seeing more than fifty to one hundred feet ahead.

Alaska is often spoken of as a land of Midnight Sun. This, however, is only true of that portion within the Arctic circle. But the reflection of it is sometimes seen farther South by climbing very high hills on the 21st of June. In Dawson, for instance, the sun itself just dips below the horizon for an hour or two, at the summer solstice. Again at the winter solstice there are about six weeks during which the sun is never seen. It is not

dark during this time as one might think, a purple twilight bathing the land with a mystery of gloom rather than of darkness. In the homes the lights are lit during the greater part of the morning and early in the afternoon they are lit again.

Alaska is above all a land of mountains, of great rugged folds of rock capped with ice and snow and reflecting all the wonders of the North,—wonders of sun and stars, of frosty moon and northern lights.

Along the coast the headlands are cloud crowned and dim but inland its peaks stand out sharply in the clear air. And over all there hovers the spirit of the unknown.

AUX BRAVES

JUNE, 1918.

Hail and farewell!—Though our lips speak in sadness,
And dark shadows fall over youth and its gladness;
Though the grey clouds may cover the sky from our yearning,
And fair fields seem barren, and song stilled by sorrow;
Though our best and our bravest be dust on the morrow;
Though this earth in her pain sees no true Spring returning;
There are proud thoughts that rise! Let proud heads be held higher.
The dead are the living! Their lives will inspire;
They watch from beyond how our beacons are burning!

Hail and farewell to these walls that they cherished.
How they turned in true love e'er their young lives had perished,
To the school and the games and old days and the laughter,
Our own boys, our brave boys! To these walls clings the story
Of hearts brave in death and of deeds bright with glory.
While we live we'll remember and those who come after
Shall be proud of achievement that time cannot alter.
Farewell to these walls! As we go who shall falter?
New walls shall arise, glad days come hereafter!

P.J.R.

OUTWITTING THE BOCHE

A Canadian Lieutenant, who was lately repatriated from Germany, where he had been a prisoner for two years, tells a rather amusing story of the manner in which a young Highlander outwitted the Germans, thereby gaining his freedom.

The German authorities have no wish to keep, as prisoners, soldiers who lose their minds. Besides being general nuisances, such soldiers cannot work, so usually they are sent back to England. The young Scotchman, in question, knowing this, decided to become crazy. His first move was to procure a mouth-organ. He tried in various ways to get one and finally succeeded in obtaining a very loud instrument, upon which he learned to play one tune, "Annie Laurie."

He next made known his plans to two trusted friends, and solicited their aid. Their share in the drama was to get food for their musical friend, and also to make complaints about him to the guard.

At five o'clock in the morning he started to play and kept it up until about twelve at night. Whenever a guard appeared he played like mad; he played while the rest ate, and, if he was spoken to, instead of answering he played the same mournful tune. The other prisoners thought him really insane and sympathized with his cell-mates in their distress.

In about a week his lips were swollen and raw; his eyes were protruding from his head. Yet he played on, always in the same tune and always in the same time. The guards tried to stop him, but he played louder than ever, nor could they get the instrument from him except by using force, which they did not think worth while. A month passed and still he was not removed. So he tried another plan. Each night, after lights were put out, he would kneel on the end of his straw pallet and crow like a rooster. As soon as the guards would come into the cell, he would again pick up his mouth-organ and play until they were glad to get out.

At last it became evident that his plan was succeeding. The guards notified the camp Commandant, and he began an investigation. The case was reported to the higher authorities. They, in due course, came to see the prisoner and were treated to the same musical selection. All their questions were answered by blasts of discord, and they left quicker than they came.

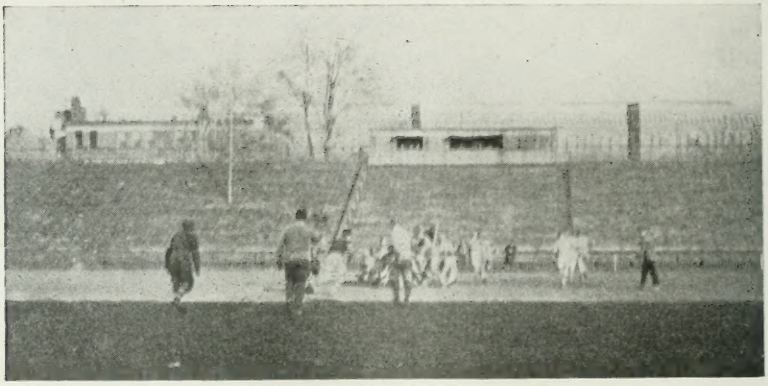
One day, about three weeks later, word came that the musician was to be sent to England. He thanked his friends for what they had done for him, and was taken to the train, still playing the mouth-organ. He went to Holland in a Red Cross train, with other prisoners, but he still played on. They marched from the train to the quay in Amsterdam, to the tune of "Annie Laurie." They were soon aboard the ship, but still the same tune was heard, played by the supposedly demented Scotchman.

At last, when about five miles out of port, the prisoners were much surprised to see a very sane-looking young man jump from his chair and throw the instrument of torture into the sea and then to sink back exhausted.

The trick was soon made known to his fellow prisoners, and "Angus" was the popular "boy" for the remainder of the trip.

Since being repatriated this young hero cannot tolerate the sound of a mouth-organ while the melody of "Annie Laurie" brings a look of agony to his face, even when played upon the bagpipes.

A. W. Reynolds,



PRACTICE AT THE STADIUM

"DER TAG"

Never in the history of the world, has king or emperor received such token of submission as did Sir David Beatty on November 21st, 1918, when the German Fleet surrendered to him in the North Sea.

The result of the armistice terms is that Prussia has been stripped of her cloak of arrogance, and that all her hopes of naval supremacy have been shattered.

During the past four years, sheltering coast-batteries and networks of mines have prevented our dreadnoughts from engaging with those of the enemy, hiding in the Kiel Canal. Think of the many and tedious months which the watchful grey guardians of the sea have spent scanning the horizon for a sign of German formations! Their one attempt to break the blockade undoubtedly resulted disastrous to the fleet of the Black Cross. Jutland taught Germany's naval leaders that their power was inferior to that of the British Navy.

With complete subordination the enemy met our fleet forty miles east of the Firth of Forth, in the North Sea. The latter formed itself at May Island, and left for the rendezvous at three o'clock in the morning. Before leaving, the British Grand Fleet was reviewed by the King, and the British, American and French admirals were given a luncheon.

Those which struck colors are:—

The Kaiser, Kaiserin, Koenig Albert, Kronprinz Wilhelm, Prince Regent Luiptold, Markgraf, Grosser Kurfuerst, Bayern, Koenig, and Frederich der Grosse. The Seidlitz, which was the first in line, heralded the approach by a kite balloon flown high above her decks. Spreading into two drawn out lines, six miles apart, the Allied Fleet, which was composed of the British Grand Fleet, five American dreadnoughts and scores of torpedo-boats, together with several French battle cruisers.

At ten in the morning, the German flotilla of over forty ships formally surrendered to Admiral Sir David Beatty. With silent guns and with few hands on deck, they were soon steaming up between the files, led by the Queen Elizabeth. Numerous instances of Hun deception caused the Allies to make certain that they carried no ammunition.

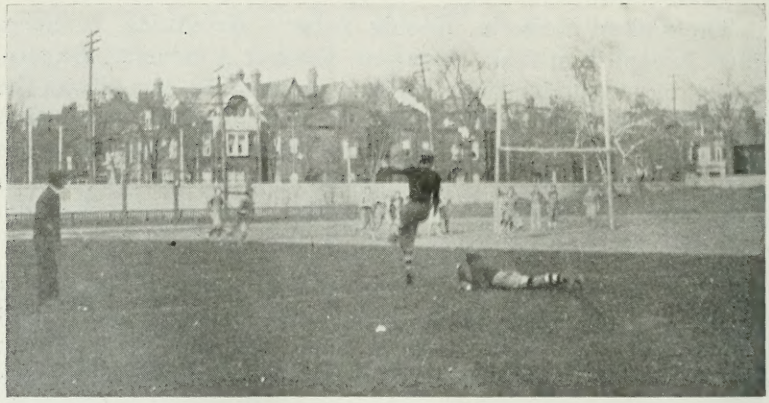
Sir David Beatty, in company with the French and American admirals, was aboard the British flagship as she steamed at the

head of the surrendering Germans. The solemnity of the occasion was impressive, and not a cheer or cry of triumph was heard from an Allied craft.

Veering to the west, the vessels to be interned were escorted to Scapa Flow, a land-locked harbour in one of the Orkney Islands. It affords a most suitable anchorage for the German boats, and there is no lack of good roadsteads in its area of fifty square miles. Before the war the Scapa was used as the headquarters of the British home fleet, during the naval training season.

Never has there been such a gathering of warships as that which met to fulfil the armistice terms which look forward toward the end of the Great War. Certainly no previous fleet ever assembled under similar circumstances. The burial at sea of Germany's hopes of world-power which was to be built upon the destruction of Britain's naval supremacy, has taken place. Germany's chances of continuing the war have ended. She is conquered.

F. Roper Dayment.



"A KENT SPECIAL"

OUR TRUST

White, white, all white beneath the dull gray sky,
Save where yon clump of fragrant cedars stand
Snow-covered; where afar the mountains lie;
And where that rustic bridge of last year's band
Of hunters crosses o'er the frozen creek.
And silence! not a sound the awful hush
Disturbs. So soundless that in that great bleak
Eternity of space there comes a rush
Of sound, the music of the heav'nly spheres.
There God is King, nor, since the World began,
Has sin been known, nor plague, nor earthly fears.
Thou Northland, pure and fair, unsoiled by man!
Ah Canada, so young, so pure, so fair!
There may the tired mind relax and know
Sweet solace, far from City's din and care,
Among the trackless wastes of virgin snow.
There do the souls of the brave warriors fly,
Whose bodies now in war-torn Flanders lie.

And some to whom our faith we ever owe
Beheld the Holy Grail on Flanders' plain,
That thy unsullied space of silent snow
Might always be as fair and free from stain.
But still to us, since Youth forbade that we
Should sip the mighty cup, and thus endure,
There comes a sacred care from o'er the sea;
To keep thy bosom sacred, fair and pure.

J. E. McDougall.

FROM DALNY TO CHE-FOO.

BY B.B. KING

I made the voyage across the Yellow Sea, from Chiminisaka, Japan, to Dalny,—sometimes called Dairen—in company with my father.

Dalny is in the North of China and has been leasehold land since the Russo-Japanese war. It is probably the finest city in the whole of the Oriental republic. The North in general is the finest part of the country, the South being hot, dirty and unhealthy.

We sailed from Dalny on the night of October 29th, 1916. The boat was only a hundred-ton craft. While crossing the Gulf of Pichli many incidents occurred which I shall never forget. It was perfectly dark when we set out and the little steamer was without lights. The crew were all Chinese; in fact we were the only Westerners aboard.

I had not gone below preferring to stay on deck in the fresh air. It was so inky dark that one could scarcely see one's hand six inches away. To hear those Chinamen moving about and not being able to see them produced many uncomfortable sensations. We knew quite well that they could sandbag us or cut our throats and throw us overboard if they liked and our friends would never know what had happened to us.

After sailing for two hours we stopped at Port Arthur for a short time to take on fruit. I soon found that I was in for an exciting time. Two coolies grabbed me and tried to scare me. They certainly succeeded. I was so nervous that the scurrying of a rat across the deck almost caused me to jump out of my skin. Father, I afterwards learnt, was also uneasy.

When the boat left Port Arthur for Che-Foo, I had not yet seen our stateroom. However, when I did see it I wondered how

CANTON AND PIEHO RIVER, CHINA

on earth I was ever going to sleep there. It was the only stateroom on the boat and we had to share it with an unsavoury Chinaman who indulged in all the filthy habits known to his race.

This Chinaman was of the higher caste and therefore could afford to sleep in a bed, a circumstance which he appeared to greatly enjoy. He must have become rich only recently for his habits were those of an ordinary coolie.

The whole room, including the bed, reeked with dirt. I did not sleep in the bed but rather on it. I disrobed to the extent of taking off my boots and lay on top of the clothes in a bunk above that of our friend the Chinaman.

In the next room there were about twenty-five Orientals, smoking the vilest tobacco imaginable. They kept us awake the first part of the night with singing and loud chatter which often rose to shouts. The Chinaman in the bunk below was snoring loudly. It is scarcely necessary to say that the whole situation was not conducive to sleep.

About one o'clock in the morning the noise in the next room partially subsided so, notwithstanding the snores of our yellow companion, which, by the way, I attempted to quiet by the use of one of my boots, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was still dark. Having no idea of the time I anxiously waited for some light to creep through the port-hole. It seemed hours before it came.

At dawn we left our stateroom with a feeling of relief.

The next room was in a condition which cannot well be described. The coolies, without exception, were all intoxicated to

the limit and lay about in every imaginable position. The room reeked of liquor and tobacco smoke. It was with a feeling of relief that we went up the companion-way and into the fresh air from that nightmare down below.

Land could be seen to the Westward quite plainly. It was the port of Che-Foo.

On arriving there we found a harbour inclosed by concrete walls and built in a semicircle. When the boat had anchored a small fleet of sampans came out to take the passengers ashore. But, when the boatmen saw two white people on board and realized that there was a chance of getting three times as much for their work as they had expected, they started to fight and to shove each others' boats away from the ship. When any one of them was not shouting or screaming or gnashing his teeth at someone he would try to induce us to get into his particular sampan. One may imagine the confusion of it all.

Finally a big coolie practically dragged us into his boat and started for the shore. When we had landed there ensued another scrap among the rickshamen. Several times I was picked up and put into different rickshas. Had it not been for the interference of the pater I might have found myself in the interior of China for all I know.

After selecting two rickshas we were taken to the only place in the town fit for human habitation, a little hotel kept by a Frenchman.

Che-Foo is a small congested place but it is the headquarters for the silk trade in the province of Shantung. It is dirty and has no drainage. The country is full of bandits and robbers, a fact which implies that the business is often tied up.

There are no railways. It is not safe to be in the streets after dark as there are neither lights nor police. The people look as though they had been through a threshing machine and then had ashes dumped on them.

A few days before we arrived there the jail had been emptied, the prisoners' friends refusing to support the prisoners longer. The authorities rather than have the poor wretches die released them. In China during a law breaker's confinement in jail his friends and relatives have to support him. Imagine jailing a husband for non-support and then making his wife support him while in jail.

B. B. King.

DIPLOMACY DIVULGED BY A DIPLOMAT

[Following Stephen Leacock.]

I am a Diplomat. Ah! I hear a murmur of surprises. But we diplomats soon become accustomed to such sensations, in fact we have to create them or we would starve.

Yes, I am a diplomat of the Empire of Switzerland, in connection with the famous Swiss Navy. More than this about myself I cannot reveal until another eminent person commits suicide or is assassinated. Indeed, it is only on account of the late Lord Kitchener' being dynamited by number seventy-four of the Wilhelmstrasse, that I can safely divulge these secrets hitherto indivulgable.

I hold myself personally responsible for the death of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary, even although I was ordered to do what I did. I will now tell you what happened as truthfully as is possible by one of my calling.

I was reclining on an easy chair in my own little suite in Berne, Switzerland's noted seaport, when my third sub-spare secretary's assistant came creeping in. His name I think was Tokio and with true eastern grace he salaamed and handed me a note, disguised as a book, written by the inventor of the foodless cooker. After kicking him out I deciphered the code,—it was an order to attend the society for the prevention of thinking, our diplomatic headquarters.

Needless to say, I attended immediately and what happened there I am not at liberty to disclose, but I at once set out for Austria-Hungary via North America and the Orient.

I put on a disguise, for if the central powers learned that I was abroad there would be a great disturbance created which would be fatal to the mission I was to fulfil.

After travelling a distance that I withhold and having many adventures of which I may not tell, I arrived in Vienna at a date I need not mention, but in a disguise that I dare not state on account of an eminent person. I am discreet.

How I established myself in the Royal Household as a personal servant to Franz Josef the censor will not permit me to reveal,—the consequences at the peace conference would be staggering.

Nevertheless I became his personal servant as I said before.

I was soon very intimate with him; in fact, I caught a glimpse of him nearly every day.

An ordinary person under orders such as I was might have drawn a knife and shot him on the spot. But I am a diplomat; I use cunning.

At last! The stage is set, the German-Austrian Alliance is about to receive a terrible blow and, I,—I, am about to deliver it. Stealthily I sneak into the Emperor's bed-chamber, the assassin's implement in my hand. But the world sleeps on in ignorance. Softly I place it by his bedside and melt away into the shadows. I stumble, but the noise of my retreat was covered by His Majesty's snores and all is peaceful as before.

The next morning Franz Josef jumped lightly out of bed at the early hour of eleven-thirty. He started in horror, for there beside his bed, was a bucket, an old oaken bucket. Immediately he flew into a tremendous rage. "What impudent rascal?!!" he bellowed. "What low scoundrel?!!"—here he furiously KICKED THE BUCKET, and fell unconscious. A short time later he died.

* * * *

Some people say he died of blood-poisoning of the toe, some say gout and others apoplexy; but only three people in the universe know of what he really did die. And those are the only ones who ever shall know, for my lips are sealed as to the mystery of the old oaken bucket.

Having successfully accomplished my purpose I disappeared. For political reasons and also for several others I found it necessary to leave Switzerland, and so now am disguised as an Italian fruit-seller in Toronto. But when the present embarrassing financial conditions are passed I will return to my native land. That is diplomacy.

H. W. Marsh.

DAWN

"*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*"

'Tis night, but still war's foaming flood
Rolls on in sacrificial blood;
Lurid flashes stab the dark;
Mortar answers Mortar's bark;
While afar the big guns bellow,
And the dead lie huddled stark.

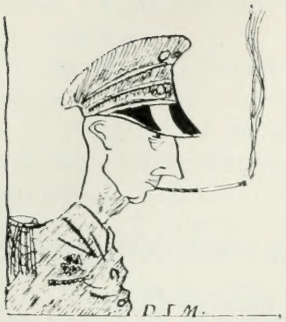
The shriek of high explosive and the bullet's sighing whine;
The deadly Maxim mutter as the foemen sweep our line;
The red lust of killing, in a din of hellish sounds;
The grim frenzy of the fight, the madness of deep wounds,
And the Very's shuddering light shows the dead high-piled in mounds.

* * * * * * *

The dawn rose o'er torn trench and muddy rill;
The cold stars gaze in pale amaze to find the world so still.
Comes a whisper on the dawn wind to where the Crosses show,
To where the dead are dreaming dreams and Autumn flowers blow;

The flowers nod and bend to tell,—
A whisper from each crimson bell—
To tell the dead that all is well;
The reason rules the minds of men,
That peace on earth has come again.

DAVID. K. FINDLAY.



MEETING THE CROWN PRINCE

By H. M. HUNTER

Capt. G. D. Hunter of St. Mary's, Ont., who was a prisoner of war in Germany for nine months and who was repatriated in February, 1918, gives an interesting account of a visit of the German ex-Crown Prince to the prison camp at Karlsrhu where he was confined.

One day the order went around that the grounds and huts must be tidied up. Later it was made know that His Royal Highness was coming to inspect them. The prisoners were kept busy all the morning and soon the place was in better condition than it had been in months, thanks to the labour of the prisoners.

It was two o'clock one bright day in September that the prisoners lined up to receive the Royal dude. There were about three hundred privates present but only twelve officers. After a long wait the visitor came.

He was first shown through the huts after which he addressed our soldiers in excellent English.

The speech was not intended to put heart into his hearers. Indeed so evident was it that Willie's design was the opposite of this that in a measure his object was defeated by himself. Among other lies told, the following will serve for example :

"Our famous German air men have been bombing England every night. The Savoy and Westminster Abbey have been blown up. The docks have been destroyed and England is in ruins."

Of course many of the British soldiers were discouraged, for prisoners of war even more than their brothers under arms or the folks at home, long for Victory, well knowing that until such goal has been reached there can be little or no hope of release. But most of them did not believe a word spoken and put each statement down as a Hun-truth.

After the speech to the prisoners the Prince shook hands with the officers and had a chat with each in turn.

He said, too :—

"Do you think they would throw stones at me if I was to go over to Canada ?"

"I don't know, sir, but we are pretty good sports over there," was the reply.

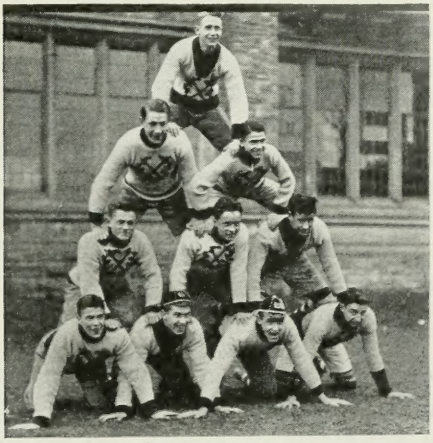
Whether or not the Prince understood the idiom is not known. It is hard to believe that he did not, yet he pretended ignorance.

"Oh yes, you have a lot of hunting and fishing over there," was the answer made.

After the conversation the Prince gave each of the officers three of his cigarettes. They were good cigarettes, too, each being about six inches long and hollow at one end. On the way to England from Holland the box which had contained these cigarettes was raffled by the repatriated officers.

Capt. Hunter says he was much surprised at the appearance of the Crown Prince. He is very unlike his pictures or rather his caricatures, being a clean cut, smart looking fellow and very good looking.

H. M. Hunter.



"LIFE PILED ON LIFE"

CLOTHES AND THE MAN

It was at the Highwood Barracks that Capt. Goldsmith took his morning air in charge of a machine-gun company of raw recruits which paraded daily at eight-thirty in the morning. And it was this same Captain who openly declared that they would never know a machine-gun from an umbrella stand unless fortune favoured them with common sense.

But what really "got Capt. Goldsmith's goat" was not the stupidity of the machine-gun squad, but the fact that a young man, usually with a girl on each arm, was wont to parade up and down on the walk in front of the barracks, which were situated on the bank of the Highwood River. This debonaire chap took his strolls regularly each afternoon at about four o'clock.

Now Capt. Goldsmith had seen two and a half years' active service in France. Having been invalided home he now was instructing in machine-gun work.

"Why I should have fought for two and a half years in France and an individual like that be allowed to strut up and down, with white silk socks on, is something I can't comprehend," Goldsmith was heard to say to Lieut. Turner one afternoon as the apparition with the silk socks was seen to disappear around the corner of the barracks.

This went on for some time steadily growing on the nerves of the captain and equally so on those of the sergeant-major who suggested that the apparition be taken and ducked in the river the next afternoon it appeared. This Goldsmith readily agreed to and gave orders for the sergeant-major to select six men who at the time appointed might seize Silk Socks and duck him in the cool waters of the Highwood River.

That night Lieut. Turner dropped into a little café on his way to the Barracks. He was rather startled by a voice behind him which suggested that he sit down and have a drink. He turned and to his amazement his would-be companion was the chap with the white silk socks, who daily strolled by the Barracks.

"Thank you, I shall just have some coffee," returned Lieut. Turner.

In a few minutes they were chatting leisurely. Turner was interested in his new acquaintance. There was something in his voice that was gentle yet strong. He did not seem to be the swell with the silk socks any longer.

"He's a man," Turner kept saying to himself, and Turner knew. He was a good judge of men and had learned to know them. Although he was only twenty he wore three service chevrons.

Turner who had been captivated by his host's engaging manner, had, almost unawares, warned him what was to take place on the following afternoon. This caused his host to break into a loud laugh.

"And you think they'll throw me in, eh? Well I'll wager five pounds to one they won't."

"You mean that bet? Well I'll take it on condition that I give you the odds," returned Turner. The wager was fixed, Turner betting five pounds to his newly-found friend's one.

It was almost four o'clock. The sergeant-major and his picked squad awaited anxiously the coming of their intended victim. A little distance off Capt. Goldsmith and Lieut. Turner were seen conversing. The former chuckled audibly at the thought of the doom of Silk Socks which he had planned.

But Turner seemed less joyful. He had taken a great liking to the chap and was almost on the verge of interfering with the plans of his superior officer. But still why should be protect a slacker,—a man who had shirked his duty to remain safely at home!

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps. The victim was approaching. He would appear around the corner in less than a minute and then—

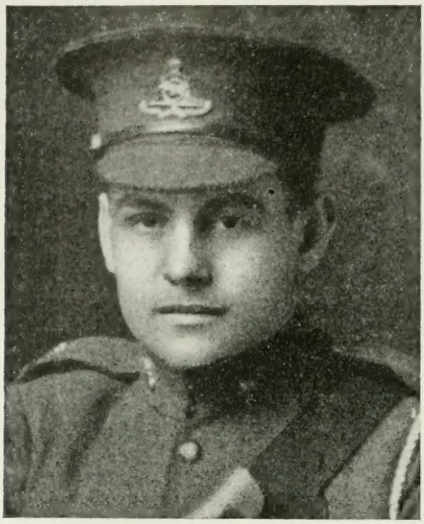
Yes it was he but minus the silk socks. He wore a pair of artillery stock boots. It was a major wearing the M.C. ribbon and four service chevrons that walked by the amazed group who stood stiffly at attention.

What Capt. Goldsmith said under his breath and what thoughts passed through his mind are not recorded.

The young fellow with the white silk socks may be seen any day strolling down the walk at Highwood River. Indeed he sometimes appears with even more elaborate footwear than that which first attracted attention, for he has spent most of Turner's five pounds in fancy silk hosiery.

Roy McMurtry.

Our Old Boys



ED. WHITTAKER

OLD BOYS NEWS

J. E. McDougall—Editor

The Review extends a cordial welcome to Mr. G. E. Whittaker upon his return to St. Andrew's College as house master. In 1915, Whittaker was captain of the First Rugby Team. Shortly afterwards he went overseas and about a year ago came back to Canada convalescing from serious wounds. The School is be congratulated upon having this gallant young soldier on its house staff. No finer example of loyalty, courage and manliness could be found in all of Canada to serve as a type for the character moulding of young Britishers.

Lieut. Erle B. Lowndes has won the Military Cross. It was awarded for bravery and adroitness in leading a raid on the enemy trenches, after he had been there only three days.

Capt. Sydney Bennet has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre with Palms. This is the highest decoration of the

order and has been conferred upon him for gallantry shown while commanding a Flying Squadron during the recent Marne offensive.

He has also been mentioned in General Petain's despatches.

LIEUT. INGVAR DE SHERBININ has been awarded the M.C. for tenacity shown in trench-mortar fighting while wounded in the arm and legs.

CAPT. J. K. GILLESPIE has been promoted from the rank of Lieutenant. He was awarded the M.C. for pushing forward after a number of the crews of his machine guns had become casualties.

Another Old Boy to receive the M.C. is LIEUT. "TIF" FINDLEY, who paid us a visit this term. Hw was decorated for his services rendered during the last German offensive, when he was brought down.

It will please everyone to hear that LIEUT. WILLIAM H. COMSTOCK has been recommended for a decoration for his bravery and presence of mind when a break occurred in the petrol feeding pipe of his seaplane, while 75 miles out at sea. Lieut. Comstock climbed out on the plane and held the pipe together for an hour until land was reached.

CAPT. D. T. FRASER has been mentioned in despatches for his excellent work at Wei Hai Wei, China.

The late LIEUT. G. F. ROSS who was killed in an air raid at Ostend in May last was mentioned by Admiral Keyes for especially distinguished service during the second blocking operations.

Word has come to hand concerning the death of LIEUT. CLARENCE ROGERS from a totally unlooked for source, namely, from a captured German aviator who was present at his death. Upon his tomb at Arlense the Germans have written: "Here sleeps a gallant English officer, Lieut. Clarence Rogers, from the British Flying Squadron. Erected by the Third German Battle Squadron."

HARRY WATSON is in an R.A.F. Squadron containing eleven Canadians who have over 100 enemy machines to their credit. He is expected home for the Hockey season this year.

COATSWORTH's father received a letter from him stating that he was sending home some magazines that he valued and would like to have kept for him. His father expected to see some London illustrated periodicals but, when they arrived, they turned out to be three very much battered S.A.C. REVIEWS.

LIEUT. ERNEST ROLPH who was reported missing is a prisoner in Germany.

LIEUT. BROOK BELL, who was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and publicly thanked by the Italian Government for his services on that front, paid a short visit to the school this term. He was given three cheers and a good old "Hoot."

FL. CADET S. A. BEATH, an editor and illustrator of last year's REVIEW staff is in Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. qualifying for his Lieutenancy in the R.C.N. "Stan" says that should peace negotiations put him out of a military job he would like nothing better than to return to S.A.C. The REVIEW will welcome him back.

BIRTHS

To MR. and MRS. D. C. MCLAUGHLIN, a son. June 14th, 1918.
To CAPT. and MRS. J. M. FORGE a daughter, August 15th, 1918.
To MR and MRS. ADAM SPROAT, a son. July 15th, 1918.
To CAPT. and MRS. P. C. TIDY, a son. July 16th, 1918.
To CAPT. and MRS. ELLESWORTH FLAVELLE, a daughter. September 6th, 1918.
To MR. and MRS. EDWIN COPP, a son. October 26th, 1918.
To CAPT. and MRS. CHAS. E. BALLANTYNE, a daughter. November 17th, 1918.
To MR. and MRS. A. M. DOUGLAS, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

MR. CLAYTON S. CRAWFORD, to Miss Mae Henderson, June 3rd, 1918.

Capt. J. S. Allen, to Miss Doris Bury, of Montreal, August 6th, 1918.

Capt. W. S. McClinton, to Miss Clara Crawford, of Oro Station, Ontario, in July, 1918.

Mr. W. Loyd Word, to Miss Carmen P. Bryson, in August, 1918.

Pte. Irvine Dyment, to Miss Edith Garret, in England, July 27th, 1918.

Mr. Percy Milligan, to Miss Stephenson, in summer, 1918.

Lieut. Guy Rutter, to Miss Mary M, Scott, September 17th, 1918.

Mr K. St. C. Maclachlan, to Miss Jessie M. Gooderham, September 5th, 1918.

Lieut. G. Stafford Rice, to Miss Edith Porter, on October 30th, 1918.

Lieut. G. G. Stonehouse, to Miss Bessie Stafford, of Kingston, Ontario, November 9th, 1918.

Lieut. H. G. Kent, to Miss Hoidge, of Toronto, November 13th, 1918.

WEINER LINE—YORK MILLS

Honour Roll

KILLED IN ACTION AND DIED ON SERVICE

Abendana, Eric M.	Lieut.	Died on service	October, 1918
Anderson, D. L.	Pte.	Died on service	September, 1918
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1916
Bastedo, R. H.	Pte.	Died on service	February, 19, 1918
Bath, E. O.	Capt.	Died on service	November, 1918
Beecroft, H. T.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1916
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 25th, 1915
Bell, Trevor S.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September 14, 1916
Bigwood, P. H.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	June 21st, 1917
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 23rd, 1916
Bond, H. S.	Capt.	Killed in action	August 15th, 1917
Broughall, Deric	Pte.	Killed in action	April 25th, 1915
Brown, B. B.	Pte.	Killed in action	September, 1916
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	Died of wounds	November 14th, 1917
Bascombe, R.	Capt.	Killed in action	June 10th, 1915
Campbell, G. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 20th, 1916
Chesnut, A. W.	Pte.	Died of pneumonia	September 6th, 1916
Clement, D. W.	Pte.	Killed in action	December 3rd, 1917
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Sub.-Lieut.	Died in a German Camp	January, 1918
Crombie, V. R. A.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	October 26th, 1918
Crowe, H. L.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	June 22nd, 1917
Cunningham, L. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 13th, 1916
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September 9th, 1916
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 12th, 1918
Eberts, M. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 15th, 1917
Ferguson, R. A.		Died from rheumatism, etc.	September 9th, 1917
Geggie, W. M. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October 4th, 1917
Gibson, Donald P.	Lieut.	Died on service, operation	July 6th, 1918
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Killed in action	April 25th, 1915
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 5th, 1917
Graham, D. W.	Pte.	Killed in action	May, 1917
Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.	Accidently killed	July, 1915
Hanlan, E. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 9th, 1917
Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.	Killed on service	November 20th 1918
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	Killed in action	February 22nd, 1918
Herald, R. A.	Pte.	Killed in action	April 22nd, 1915
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	Died from blood poisoning	October 25th, 1915
Ings, J. Walter	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1918
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 18th, 1917
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Accidently killed	July, 1915
Kilgour, A. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 27th, 1917
Knighton, G. G.	Major	Died of wounds	May, 1917
Lockhart, N. B.	Pte.	Died from meningitis	March 24th, 1915
Loudon, L. N. M.	Capt.	Killed in action	September, 1918
McTaggart, Wm. B.	Major	Killed in action	September 2nd, 1918
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1917
McQueen, H. M.	Pte.	Killed in action	October, 1918
Macpherson, C. S.	Lieut.	Accidently killed in Eng.	October, 1918
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 3rd, 1916
Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June, 1917
May, T. C.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	July, 1917
Montgomery, C. C. S.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 18th, 1917
Morrison, Donald W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 19th, 1918
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	Presumed to have died	August, 1917
Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 8th, 1916

Nation, G. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 25th, 1916
Nelson, G. V.	Major	Killed in action	March 5th, 1917
Nicol, H. L.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 1st, 1918
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	Killed in action	November 24th, 1916
Phillips, R. A.	2nd Lieut.	Killed in action	August 14th, 1917
Porter, Roger M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1918
Quigley, Frank G.	Capt.	Died of pneumonia	October, 1918
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 4th, 1917
Raney, P. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 21st, 1917
Risteen, G. N.	Driver	Died of wounds	October, 1918
Rogers, C. F.	Sub.-Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Ross, G. F.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 10th, 1918
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 15th, 1917
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Taylor, J. S.	Pte.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	April, 1918
Travis, C. Weldon	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1918
Walker, H. H.	2nd Lieut.	Died of pneumonia	July 13th, 1918
Wallace, H. D. M.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	June, 1917
Whitaker, R. B.	Pte.	Died of pneumonia	June, 1918
Williams, W. D.	Pte.	Killed in action	June 2nd, 1916
Wilson, J. T.	Gunner	Killed in action	November 23rd, 1917
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 11th, 1917
Winter, E. R.	Pte.	Killed in action	July 1st, 1916
Wood, R. S.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	March 17th, 1918
Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	December, 1917
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	March, 1918
Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	August, 1918
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 28th, 1916
Yuille, W. B.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 5th, 1918

Honours Awarded

D. S. O.

Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut.-Col.	January, 1918
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	August, 1916
McTaggart, W. B.	Major	January, 1918
Morphey, J. A.	Major	January, 1918
Quigley, F. G.	Capt.	May, 1918
Taylor, A. E.	Lieut.-Col.	June, 1918

D. S. C.

Galbraith, Murray	Capt.	November, 1916–Bar 1917
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	September, 1917

MILITARY CROSS

Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	May 23rd, 1916
Auld, James C.	Capt.	June 13th, 1916–2 Bars
Bell, H. Brooke	Capt.	May 13th, 1918
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	June 1st, 1917
Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	October, 1916
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	January 2nd, 1916
Clerk, B. M.	Major	September 8th, 1917
de Sherbinin, I.	Lieut.	September, 1918
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	May 14th, 1918
Fisken, S. F.	Lieut.	September 25th, 1916
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	January, 1917
Galbraith, J.	Lieut.	January 24th, 1918
Galbraith, R. D.	Major	May 20th, 1918
Gillespie, John	Capt.	July, 1917
Gouinlock, G. R.	Lieut.	November, 1918

Grant, D. A.	Lieut.	November, 1918
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	April, 1917
Harrison, W. L.	Capt.	April, 1918
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	August 8th, 1916
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	January 11th, 1917
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut.-Col.	November, 1915
Johnston, H. A.	Capt.	October 5th, 1918
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	November 16th, 1916
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	April, 1918
Kay, Mack	Lieut.	June, 1917
Lash, H. S. H.	Capt.	November, 1918
Lindsay, A. B.	Capt.	August, 1917
Lowndes, E. B.	Lieut.	October 3rd, 1918
Lowes, A. T.	Capt.	December 21st, 1916
Leishman, H.	Lieut.	September, 1918
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	November, 1916
McTaggart, D.	Lieut.	November, 1917
Macdonnell, J. M.	Major	June 5th, 1916
Mackenzie, W. G.	Lieut.	May 27th, 1918
MacLaren, Ian	Lieut.	November, 1918
Malcolm, Jack	Lieut.	January, 1918
Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	April, 1917
Montgomery, C. L.	Capt.	January, 1918
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	November, 1916
Pedley, J. H.	Lieut.	November, 1918
Quigley, F. G.	Capt.	(?) Bar May, 1918
Ramsden, J. C.	Lieut.	March 26th, 1918
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	January 20th, 1918
Ross, M. E.	Lieut.	May, 1918
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	June, 1918
Stewart, A. E.	Capt.	January 20th, 1918
Spohn, Gordon	Lieut.	November, 1918
Sykes, H.	Lieut.	November, 1916
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	January 25th, 1918
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	August, 1918
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	November, 1916

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Reid, G. T.	Capt.	November 7th, 1918

CROIX DE GUERRE

Bell, H. Brooke	Capt.	May 13th, 1918 (Italian)
Bennett, V. S.	Capt.	September, 1918 (French–Palms)
Galbraith, Murray	Lieut.	November, 1916 (French–Bar)
Hale, Thomas	Major	April, 1918 (French)
Macdonnell, J. M.	Major	October, 1918 (French)
Malcolm, Jack	Lieut.	January, 1918 (French)
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	February, 1918 (Serbian)

ORDER OF THE CROWN (Commander)

Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	February, 1918

MILITARY MEDAL

Anderson, W. S.		October, 1917
Chase, G. A.	Serg't.	October 27th, 1916
Johnston, K. B.	Signaller	October, 1918
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	October 12th, 1916
Montgomery, A.	Lieut.	January, 1918
Montgomery, J. A.		April 19th, 1917

D. C. M.

Anderson, W. S.		October, 1917
Black, S. C.	Lieut.	April, 1918
Winter, M. G.	Serg't.	January 10th, 1918

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

Bell, H. Brooke	Capt.	May 13th, 1918
Bennett, V. S.	Capt.	September, 1918
Comstock, W. H.	Lieut.	July, 1918
Duncanson, A. E.	Capt.	February, 1917
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	August, 1918
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut.-Col.	January 1st, 1918–June, 1918
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Capt.	1916
Gibson, W. O.	Capt.	January 5th, 1917
Grier, C. B.	Lieut.	March, 1917
Knighton, G. G.	Major	May 24th, 1917
Lash, H. G. H.	Capt.	1918
Leishman, W. H.	Lieut.	Mentioned 3 times.
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	January 1st, 1918
McTaggart, W. B.	Major	January 1st, 1918
Morphey, J. A.	Major	January 1st, 1918
Mills, L. G.	Capt.	1918
Ross, G. F.	Lieut.	August, 1918
Taylor, Allan E.	Lieut.-Col.	Mentioned 3 times.
Winter, M. G.	Sergt.	December, 1917
Wishart, D. E. S.	Capt.	December, 1917

OBITUARY

Abendana, Eric M., was born on July 10th, 1892. He came to St. Andrew's College from Port Antonio, Jamaica, in September, 1905. In October, 1909, he entered the Faculty of Applied Science at the University of Toronto, and obtained the degree of B.A.Sc., in 1914. After leaving the University he obtained the appointment of Chief Assistant on topography of the oil belt, with headquarters at Calgary. Later he joined the St. Mary's Portland Cement Co., with which organization he was working in 1915, when he joined the Corps of Guides. In April, 1916, he obtained a commission in the Canadian Engineers, and after training at Shorncliffe, went over to France. He had seen considerable service in France, when on October 16th, 1918, he succumbed to an attack of pleurisy and was laid to rest in a military cemetery near Arras. The many friends whom he made during his years at St. Andrew's will regret his loss very much and join in sincere sympathy with his family.

Anderson, Duncan L., was born on October 17th, 1891. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1906, remaining here one year. On leaving school he went in to business and was employed

in Toronto, when, in July, 1915, he enlisted in the 75th Battalion. In October of the same year he went overseas with this Battalion and was later attached to the Machine Gun section of the 109th Battalion. He was wounded at the Somme, suffering a fracture of the skull. After a long illness in England, following this injury, he was returned to France fully recovered, and rejoined his Battalion in April, 1918, and saw much fighting. On June 14th, 1918, he died of cerebro-spinal meningitis in Hospital at Etaples. Anderson enjoyed the reputation of being a crack shot, while with his Battalion, and proved himself an excellent soldier. His old school mates will sympathize deeply with his family in their loss.

Bath, Edward Osler, was born on March 22nd, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and left in December, 1907, to enter the office of the Anglo American Insurance Co. Later he joined the Toronto Electric Light Co. He went overseas as a Lieut. with the 48th Highlanders in the autumn of 1914. In April, 1915, he was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Julien, after being wounded and gassed. In October, 1916, word was received that he had been re-captured after making his escape from prison. As a punishment he was confined in a fortress for seven months. In March, 1918, he was sent to Holland, and some time after was repatriated to England suffering from chronic bronchitis, the result of gas. On November 27th, 1918, word was received that he had died in London, as a result of influenza.

"Tod" Bath's many friends of his old school days will remember him with affection. He was always keen on everything at school, played his games regularly and was deservedly popular.

Crombie, Vincent Robert A., was born on June 4th, 1897. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1913, and left in the spring of 1914 to enter business. For a time he was with the Harbor Commission, and at the time war broke out was working as a fire ranger under the Provincial Government. He resigned his appointment and enlisted in the 19th Battalion, with which unit he went overseas. He saw considerable service in the trenches. In July, 1916, he suffered a scalp wound, a bullet grazing his head while on sentry duty. In September, 1916, he was again wounded. He was recommended for a commission and returned to France as a Lieutenant. After two months

further service at the front, on October 11th, 1918, he suffered a severe gunshot wound in the chest, and on October 26th, 1918, he succumbed to his injuries, while in Hospital in Camiers, France.

Although only a short time at St. Andrew's, Crombie was an active participator in both football and hockey, and made many friends.

GIBSON, DONALD P., was born on May 2nd, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and remained here two years. After graduating from the University of Toronto, he entered the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Early in 1917, he applied for admission to the Royal Flying Corps, but did not pass the physical examination. In January, 1918, he obtained an appointment as equipment officer with the R.A.F., and was serving with that Branch of the service in England when he died in Hospital, following an operation for intestinal obstruction.

A steady going, conscientious boy while at School, he did well not only in Class but on the field and many of his old school mates will regret to learn that he went overseas not to return.

HANNA, WILLIAM NEIL, was born on January 18th, 1905. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1908, to June, 1910. He entered the University of Toronto, registering at Victoria College in 1913. In April, 1915, he obtained a commission with the 26th Battery, C.F.A., qualified at Kingston, and went overseas that autumn. Later he transferred to the Royal Field Artillery. In July, 1916, at Monette Woods he received a serious injury to his hip, which confined him to Hospital for some weeks. On his return to the front the hip injury interfered with his working in the saddle and he transferred to the Royal Air Force. His training had been completed and he was flying in Italy, when on November 20th, after the signing of the Armistice, he was accidentally killed.

Quiet, unassuming and steadfast, Neil Hanna endeared himself to many friends and he will be much missed by all who knew him at school and in his later days.

INGS, JOHN WALTER, was born December 28th, 1897. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Charlottetown, P.E.I., in February, 1913, entering Form IVA. He was always in earnest whether at work or at play, and won his removals with regularity

in the Honor List. In June, 1915, he passed 9th into the Royal Military College, where he spent the following College year. While at St. Andrew's Ings proved himself to be a first class athlete, as well as student, excelling in Football and Boxing, in addition to being an unusually good gymnast. When he went on to R.M.C. his record was maintained, and he won the Boxing Championship the year he was there. In September, 1916, he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers and went overseas. June, 1917, found him at Saloniki. While there he contracted malaria and was invalided to Malta and later sent back to England. In June, 1918, he was sent to France with the 56th Field Co. of the Royal Engineers and was with them continuously until the latter part of this year when he was killed in action. From his commanding officer it has been learned that "he was working with a small party on a Light Railway Line when a heavy barrage came down. He got his men safely into a neighbouring trench and was sheltering there with them when they were struck by a shell. He was struck in the head and must have died instantaneously."

Walter Ings will long be remembered at his old school as one of the plus boys of his day. His brief career at R.M.C. and in the Engineers bore ample evidence that the promise of early days was being fulfilled. Many an old boy will learn with sorrow that he, too, has been called upon to lay down his life.

Loudon, Brian M., was born on October 3rd, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1902, and remained until June, 1906. In 1915 he obtained a commission with the 92nd Highlanders, being one of the eleven S.A.C. Old Boys who were officers in that Battalion. In the spring of 1916 he went overseas with his Battalion and was soon drafted to the 15th Battalion in France. With this Battalion he saw continuous service, obtaining his Captaincy. He was severely wounded in September, 1916, at the battle of Courcelette. After being some time in Hospital, he was given leave home. In the autumn of 1917 he returned to England and was attached to the 5th Reserve Battalion. Later he was Commandant at the Otterpool Camp. He made strenuous efforts to get back to France for the second time, and in February, 1918, he reverted to a Lieutenancy in order to get across. He had been at the front since that time until September, 1918, when he was killed in action.

"Don" Loudon was one of the old guard at St. Andrew's College. He was keen on Athletics, and a consistent, as well as persistent, worker, possessed of keen ability. His passing will stir the feelings of real regret among many of the Old Boys of the earlier years of the school.

MACPHERSON, CHRISTOPHER S., was born on October 3rd, 1896. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1911, going into Form IIIA. His removes were obtained regularly with honours, and he matriculated into the University of Toronto in 1915. In August, 1915, he joined the University Company then recruiting for the P.P.C.L.I. The following winter he spent in France and was wounded in the arm in May, 1916. On recovering he returned to France with a commission, and spent his second winter in the trenches. In March, 1917, he was posted as "seriously ill" with pneumonia. After a stay in Hospital in England he was appointed instructional officer to the Boys' Battalion. In April, 1918, he resigned this post to join the R.A.F. and had about completed his training when on September 8th, 1918, he was killed in an aeroplane accident in England, something having gone wrong with his machine when he was only 200 feet above the ground.

"Christie" was universally liked while at St. Andrew's. He played all the games consistently and was always ready to play where the school wanted him. In addition to his interest in athletics, his steadiness of character and attention to his work resulted in an excellent influence in the school. Those who knew him as a boy in his school life are not surprised that one who was with him in the R.A.F. wrote that "he was a pal in every sort of trouble, whether things went right or wrong."

MCQUEEN, HUGH MURRAY, was born on September 1st, 1894. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Petrolia in September, 1912, entering Form Upper VI. On leaving school he went to Manitoba, where he was engaged for some time in drilling for gas and oil. In the autumn of 1915 he obtained a commission in the 70th Battalion, and was attached to the Signalling Section. When the Battalion went Overseas in April, 1916, in order to insure his chance of getting away with them, he reverted to the ranks and went overseas as a Private. Later he was drafted to the 58th Battalion and saw much heavy fighting during the summer of

1916, being wounded at the Somme. After recovering he returned to France and was gassed in January of the present year. He again returned to the front and saw considerable fighting before being killed in action on September 30th, 1918.

Murray McQueen was a deservedly popular boy during his year at St. Andrew's, and succeeded in winning both his First Team Football and his First Team Hockey Colours. Members of both the teams of that year will learn with deep regret what he must be numbered with those who will not return.

McTaggart, William Broder, was born on April 19th, 1893. He came up to St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, entering Form VB. He obtained his removals in due course, always winning a Proficiency Prize. In 1910 he won the 1st General Proficiency in Form Upper VI, and stood third in the Dominion in the Royal Military College entrance examination. Throughout his course at R.M.C. he led his class and was C.S.M. in 1912-1913. In the autumn of 1913 he entered the Faculty of Applied Science at McGill University. In February, 1915, he joined the 12th Battery, C.F.A., as a Lieutenant. On October 25th, 1915, he was slightly wounded but returned to duty. He obtained his Captaincy and was appointed in command of the 12th Battery in July, 1916. In October of the same year he was again wounded. In November, 1916, he obtained his Majority and continued in command of the 12th Battery, seeing continuous service. On November 1st, 1917, he was severely wounded in the thigh and a few days later was reported seriously ill at Rouen. In January, 1918, he received the decoration of D.S.O. and was invalided home on leave. On March 13th, 1918, he was again back at the front and remained there until he was killed in action on September 2nd, 1918.

Broder McTaggart was undoubtedly one of the *plus* boys of St. Andrew's College. In all his undertakings he excelled. His unselfish nature, consistent good humour, sterling character and high level of ability brought him not only success, but with it the genuine affection of his fellows. Many hearts will be sorrowful because of his death. We venture to quote from a letter received from a brother officer who knew him at school and in the field. The writer says:

"I just heard last night of McTaggart's death. He escaped many and many a heavy bombardment and was killed in the end

by a chance shot. Still he lived to see what I believe is the turning point in our fortunes and he set us all an example of fortitude and patient brave endurance. Never excited or depressed, always the personification of efficiency and good spirits he has lived an ideal life and died at the height of his powers regretted by everyone.

"He has been through so much with no thought of ever giving himself any respite or getting others to take up the burden. He was indeed a 'gentleman unafraid.'

"There are some lines of Kipling where he describes those who have toiled and wrought and fought and made our world:

" 'And to them cometh our wise Lord God, Master of every trade,
And telleth them tales of His daily work of Edens newly made,
And they rise to their feet as He passes by—gentleman unafraid.'

"I like to think of these lines in connection with people like him. He was so quite and unobtrusive that he might have passed for a rather timid person likely to lean on others for support. The truth was just the opposite. He had perfect self-reliance and was quite capable of carrying on and acting on his own initiative. He was always so quiet and reserved that I never feltI knew him very well but one felt instinctively that he was pure gold tried in the fire."

Morrison, Donald W., was born on August 23rd, 1896. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1903, to June, 1905, when, his family moving to Chicago, he attended school in that City for two months. Later he went to Howe Military Academy, where he spent eight years, leaving with an unusually good record. In May, 1916, he obtained a commission with the 213th Battalion, On going overseas he was transferred to the 3rd Battalion and saw continuous service in France until he was killed in action on August 19th, 1918.

Morrison was quite a small boy while at St. Andrew's, and consequently made his closest friends in his later school life. We enjoyed a very pleasant visit from him shortly before he went overseas, and naturally learn with deep regret that he has been call upon to join the great number of those who will not come back.

Porter, Roger Morrow, was born on May 19th, 1897. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1911, going in to Form II. He left school in the autumn of 1915, and joined the

155th Battalion, qualifying at Kingston for his commission. In October, 1916, he went overseas with his Battalion. Later, when the Battalion was broken up, he was sent to Aldershot for a course in Machine Gunnery and on completing his course he was retained for some time as instructor. He was subsequently sent to France and brigaded with the Machine Gun Section of the 2nd Canadian Division. He was killed in action during the taking of the Wotan line in September, 1918.

During his four years at school Porter made many friends who will regret exceedingly that he has been call upon to make the supreme sacrifice.

QUIGLEY, FRANCIS G., was born on July 11th, 1894. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in January, 1908, obtaining his remove to Form III at the close of the summer term and in June, 1909, was promoted to Form IV. On leaving St. Andrew's College he went to Pickering College. In 1913 he entered Queen's University and soon came to the front as a football and hockey player. In April, 1915, he joined the Queen's Engineers and went overseas. After some eighteen months' service in France with the Engineers, he transferred to the Royal Air Force. In April, 1918, he was in Hospital with a gunshot wound in the right ankle. In May, 1918, he won his Captaincy and had been awarded both the Military Cross and a bar to the Military Cross. In June of this year he was awarded the D.S.O. for "exceptional gallantry." During last summer he was returned to Canada and was for some time on duty at Armour Heights and Beamsville Camp. In October he was returned to England for overseas service. On the way over he contracted influenza and developing pneumonia he died at Liverpool on October 20th.

Quigley, like many other Canadian athletes, had shown himself to be an unusually intrepid and daring aviator. The early promise of his school career was confirmed while he was at the University and he is to be numbered with those whose non-return to Canada must be regarded as a real loss to our National assets.

RISTEEN, GEORGE NEVERS, was born on January 23rd, 1898. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Vancouver in September 1909, entering Form I, in the Lower School. He obtained his removes from year to year and left in June, 1914, to go into the Imperial Bank. In May, 1916, he came East and enlisted as a

Driver in the 50th Queen's Battery. Early in 1917 he was drafted to the 53rd Battery and saw continuous service with them until October of the present year, when he was seriously wounded and died shortly afterward.

George Risteen will not soon be forgotten by the many boys who knew him, both as a Lower School and Upper School boy during his five years at St. Andrew's. He was active in all the school undertakings and a good athlete. His death in action is all the sadder as his brother Clifford has been posted as "missing" for nearly a year.

TRAVIS, C. WELDON, was born on May 15th, 1893. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Sydney in September, 1911, entering Form VB. He obtained his promotions with regularity wrote his McGill Exam. from Form Lower VI in 1913, and his higher mathematics from Form Upper VI in June, 1914. During that summer he acted as an Assistant Master at the Summer Camp, and, as might be expected, was eminently successful in that position of responsibility. During the year 1914-1915 he attended McGill University. He joined the 86th Hamilton Machine Gun Battalion in September, 1915, as a Lieutenant and went overseas with that unit. In July, 1916, he was sent to the Canadian Machine Gun Depot at Riseborough and was kept there for some time as an instructor. Early in 1918 he obtained permission to go over to France and saw continuous service until he was killed in action in September, 1918.

So much might be said of "Trav" and yet so little can be said in the space of this brief memoir, that the writer is in difficulty. Travis was undoubtedly a *plus* boy and one who left an ineffaceable impression for good on the life of the School. During the years 1912-1913 and 1913-1914 he was Head Prefect and gave a most acceptable account of himself in that responsible position. He played on the First Hockey Team and managed, most successfully, the Football Team. His influence was always great and ever on the side of right. Loyal to the School to the core as he was, his consistent aim was to let no dishonour tarnish her name. Deservedly popular, all the boys were ready to follow his lead. Excellent business opportunities waited for him on his return from the scene of conflict and one could have safely predicted that great success would have been his. Like so many other lads of sterling worth and bright promise, he rests in

Flanders, his life work finished. Much water will pass under the bridge ere he is forgotten at the old School which he loved so well and always the results of his influence will continue here.

WALKER, HARRY HUNT, was born on September 8th, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1907, entering Form III. In 1908 he won his removal to Form IV, winning the Third Proficiency Prize. He was out of school for some months and returned at Christmas, 1909, to enter Form Lower VI. In June, 1910, he left to enter business in Fort William.

In December, 1915, he joined the 94th Battalion as a Lieutenant and went overseas with that unit. Later he transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and had had considerable experience in flying, when, on July 13th, 1918, he died of pneumonia in Blandford Hospital.

While at school Walker proved himself a steady worker, a good athlete and a loyal St. Andrew's boy. Many of the boys of his time will deeply regret to learn that he has died on service.

WALLACE, GUY HALIFAX, was born on February 12th, 1887. He entered the Fourth Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1901, obtained his promotions each June until 1904, when he matriculated into the University of Toronto. While at St. Andrew's, Wallace took a very prominent part in all the School activities. He was an unusually good athlete and won both his football and his cricket colours. In his last year he was School Captain in football. He excelled as a bowler and has gone down in school history as "the fastest bowler the school ever had." On obtaining his degree in Medicine at Toronto in 1909, Wallace became an Interne at the Bellevue Hospital, which position he held until 1911, when he was appointed Pathologist at that Institution. In 1913 he entered on private practice and was doing unusually well when in November, 1915, he left his practice to join the Canadian Army Medical Corps, with the rank of Captain. He saw some eighteen months' service overseas, when in May, 1917, he was invalided home suffering from bronchitis. His discharge was obtained at a later date and after a rest he resumed his practice in New York. On December 9th, 1918, he died after a brief illness. The cause of his death was pneumonia following influenza.

Wallace's career at St. Andrew's College was an exceedingly good one, both in Class and in outdoor activities. He belonged to the old guard of those who had much to do with introducing tradition into the School. The promise of boyhood was amply fulfilled in the success he attained in his chosen profession. Many a boy of the old days will deeply regret to learn that Guy Wallace has had to lay down the tools of life so early.

WRIGHT, HENRY ROBERT LINDSAY, was born on May 31st, 1896. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1907, going into the Upper Preparatory Form. His promotions were obtained with regularity, until he left School from the Lower Sixth in June, 1914. On leaving School he took a position with the MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co. During his last two years at School he was a Prefect. In 1913 he captained the Championship Football Team, was Captain of the Cadet Corps and Captain of the Cricket Eleven. He also won his first Team Hockey Colours and his Gymnasium Colours. As might be expected, he exercised great influence in the School.

In the autumn of 1915 he enlisted as a Gunner in the 34th Battery and trained at Kingston. He was soon made a Bombardier and later a Corporal. In December, 1915, he went over to England and was at Shorncliffe until April, when he was sent over to France with the 3rd Canadian Division. On arrival at the front he volunteered for the trench mortars and was constantly on the firing line until July 14th, 1916, when he was somewhat severely wounded. He was sent to Hospital at Birmingham, suffering from gunshot wounds in arm, back and neck. In the autumn of that year he was sent to the 2nd Reserve Battery, C.F.A., and later was recommended for a commission. After completing his training he was sent as a Lieutenant to the Trench Mortar Battery of the First Canadian Division in France in October, 1917. His service with that unit was continuous until August, 1918, when he was instantly killed by a direct hit on the officers' mess, where he was sitting at a table writing at the time. Two other old boys had been sitting beside him but five minutes previously and had left him as he was closing his last letter home.

"Lin" Wright was an outstanding boy at school and it is not easy to write of him in the compass of a memoir which must be brief. He was probably the most popular boy of his time and was idolized by the smaller boys. His prowess as an athlete was

undoubtedly effective in attracting the esteem of his fellows, but he really won their affection and regard through the possession of a remarkably bright and lovable character. Like his close friend, Weldon Travis, he was a strong influence for good in the school and a most loyal old boy. His name will long be remembered and his influence remain in the old school where he spent his boyhood days and for whose inner life he did so much.

YUILLE, WILLIAM BERESFORD, was born on June 13th, 1895. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1908. His promotions were obtained with regularity and in 1912 he was in the Lower Sixth. The sudden death of his father resulted in his leaving school before the conclusion of the school year and going into business.

In May, 1917, he obtained his commission in the Royal Air Force and had been flying in France for some time when, on May 30th, 1918, he was killed in action. "Billy" Yuille will be remembered with affection by many of the Old Boys. He was ever a steady worker in class and an enthusiast in all the school athletics. He played on all the Junior Teams in his younger day, was Captain of the Third Football Team in 1911 and obtained his Second Team Colours in 1912. In the same year he played on the Third Hockey Team. Yuille always gave his best in what he undertook and was most loyal, both as boy and old boy. His many friends will long cherish his memory as that of a most lovable and upright lad.

Extracts from Letters

[NOTE: Of the many letters received by the Headmaster since the publication of the Midsummer number of the REVIEW, we are reproducing a few extracts which are of general interest. The names of writers are omitted in all cases for the reason that their appearance in this connection might be distasteful to the ones concerned. Editor.]

"I was wounded on September 27th, in the attack on the Canal du Nord, by a piece of shrapnel in the shoulder and was the last officer in the Company to be hit. We certainly had bad luck to start with, but the attack was a big success. The war is certainly very interesting these days, but I hope, like everybody else, that it will be over soon and that next summer will find us all back in Canada."

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DADDY-LONG-LEGS AND RATS

"There are several S.A.C. Old Boys in the Brigade. I have not seen any of them for some time, but the last time I was speaking to one he was telling me that they were trying to arrange a dinner for all the Old Boys, but I expect that this will not take place till some time when we are out.

"Fritz welcomed us with a little gas, but luckily the wind was right for us, so someone else got it. However, it wasn't much, just for about fifteen minutes. He has been mixing up gas with his harassing fire lately, but in small amounts like that he is very unlikely to get anyone.

"The worst pests in this place are old daddy-long-legs, as we used to call them. There must be millions of them crawling all over everywhere, but they are not bad. Up sniping we had rats. At night they would come out and do battalion manoeuvres in our sleeping quarters and showed no common decency at all. They ran over everything, including my face, but we managed to keep them down somewhat by burning three or four candles all night. Rats happen to be my pet horror. I hate those things worse than Fritz."

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MUST BE A QUICK DODGER

"This isn't really such a terrible life, although one has to be a pretty quick dodger when the big ones are coming at you. I personally reckon that the separation of a man from his family is far harder even than shell or machine gun fire.

"I suppose every one at home is delighted with the recent trend of events. Our boys are really wonderful and the Hun doesn't like to come to close grips, with the result that the past month has seen our P. of W. cages pass through some 20,000 prisoners, which is surely a fine record for the Canadian Corps. Of course, there is a lot of hard plugging ahead of us yet, but with the substantial help of the U.S.A. the Hun is in a pretty bad way."

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OLD BOYS

"I am with the 27th Battery C.F.A. now. In fact, I left the 19th a good deal over a year ago. I see S.A.C. boys almost wherever I go. Not long ago, when in England, I saw Hume Crawford, Bill Comstock, Joe Taylor, and others. It does seem good to see so many of the Old Boys again. Everybody is cheerful over here about the war and the confidence of the men is really wonderful.

"I saw Bob Neill just about a week ago. I heard he was killed and of course was very glad to find out the report was all wrong."

"Have come across any number of St. Andrew's boys since I left Canada. Charlie McKeague came over with me and the last time I saw him he was on leave. He thinks the war is a splendid idea and from all reports is a very good soldier.

"Was a fellow instructor of Ken Junor's in England. He did very well in the Air Force, getting about twelve Hun Machines down before he was reported 'missing.'"

"I can sincerely tell you that St. Andrew's spirit is wonderful. Wherever in England or France a few are gathered together there is generally a St. Andrew's boy to welcome one with open arms and make one feel immediately at home."

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A Wonderful Change

"It is a great and wonderful change to be here after three years of captivity, in fact it takes one several weeks to really realize that one is practically a free person again, to do anything and to go anywhere at one's own will, without being followed by a Hun with a rifle and bayonet.

"To a prisoner of war in Germany, parcels are the greatest joy of his heart, next to letters from home. Twice I was lucky enough to receive College Reviews that Campbell sent me, and they were most eagerly read, not only by myself, but by other Canadians in the Camp, most of whom had gone to one or other of the schools in the Little Big Four. I have spent many an hour in Germany discussing the football battles of years gone by. I received the Easter Review a few days ago and find it most interesting, but it is very sad to see that so many of the boys I sat in class with have fallen."

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Lost in the Fog

"We are, of course, working fairly hard now-a-days like everyone else in France. I had my first crash since I commenced flying about two weeks ago. We got lost about midnight over the lines in a thick, muggy fog, so after four hours of futile search for our aerodrome, decided to land and chance it. As it happened, we ran into the side of a mountain, hit a tree and crumbled up in a heap about 20 feet from a four-hundred-foot precipice. Considering the fact that we had a full load of bombs on board, and no one was even scratched, I consider myself very lucky to have escaped. A wearisome vigil then commenced as we did not know whether we were in Germany or France. Peasants arrived ten hours later with shot guns and other ferocious looking things, and it took all the French I ever learned at S.A.C. to keep them from making the situation unhealthy. As luck would have it, an American Tommy came along and you can readily imagine our relief when we found out that we had narrowly escaped landing in Switzerland. Two days later we did a day's journey in a car home to our squadron through some of the most beautiful country I have ever seen. Our greeting at the squadron was a warm one I can assure you, as we were 'missing' to them."

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That's Worth Striving For

"I had been living in hopes that the news I had read concerning poor 'Trav' and 'Lin' would turn out to be false, and I was almost heartbroken to hear your

confirmation of their death. They were both more or less idols of mine at S.A.C. and I tried hard to be like them in most ways, without much success, but it was something worth striving for anyway. To have them both go so suddenly was a shock to me, even though I was too young in the old school days to have become great personal friends of either of them ; but in the Lower School and lower flat it was always 'well, Trav. does it this way,' or 'Lin. does it that way,' and whatever it was the argument was thereby settled. I know they will be deeply grieved by every chap who was in the old school during their time, right down to the kids in the 'Prep.' "

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THOSE DUTCHMEN

"You will wonder what we do here to pass the time away. Some of the men are taking up different work, which is the very best thing one can do here. I have been cricketing this last two months, but have lost quite a lot of my old form, which is only to be expected. However, it gives me the opportunity of visiting different towns in Holland. Last week we played the sailors at Groniugen. The game ended in an easy win for the soldiers. Groniugen is about six hours' journey from the Hague, or about ten miles for the German border. That is just as near to Germany as I wish to get again. I have been coaching a Dutch Club at Schiedam, but I am afraid it would take a good many seasons to before one could knock anything like good cricket into a Dutchman."

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THE REVIEW

"I have just received a copy of the Easter REVIEW and decided to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I thought it was one of the best numbers yet, especially the 'Skits,' they were very good. I have already gone through it twice and it only arrived at noon to-day.

"I was sent here for night bombing and have almost completed my course. We are flying the big Handley-Page machines and although they are more like ocean liners to handle and in appearance, I suppose an 'Archie' could make short work on one with a direct hit. So far I have been very lucky not having had one crash in 65 hours' flying, my only accident being to blow out a tire on landing about a week ago."

"To-day I have received a copy of the REVIEW for Midsummer and, as I haven't written the old School for some time, thought I would do so to-night and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I have finished it from cover to cover and must say it gets better as it gets older. The Skits were the best I have seen."

"The Midsummer number of the REVIEW, which you kindly forwarded, arrived yesterday and provided an hour's very interesting reading.

"I was very pleased to learn that you have succeeded in securing Knox College for the use of the school during the next two years and I'm sure it will prove a very fine building for school purposes."

"The Summer number of the REVIEW arrived yesterday and I think the good old magazine is better than ever. It certainly makes a great appeal to an old boy out here. I have been receiving it regularly and am sorry I have not acknowledged it before this. I also enjoyed very much the candy sent at

Christmas. I was attending a course in England when it arrived and the Imperial officers said they had never tasted anything like it before. Very much thanks to you all.

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One Never Gets Dull

"The fighting since August the 8th has been wonderful. Everywhere successful, always advancing, sometimes after stiff fighting, often as the fruits of some battle, advancing with no apparent effort. It has been an experience new to everyone. One never gets dull, one never has time to, and the whole war now seems to be filled with surprises and the unexpected."

"I am now with the 27th Battalion. Everything is fine over here and we have great hopes of getting another crack at the Hun soon."

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"We were in the line when the drive of March 21st started. It was with a forward gun which I was forced to send back owing to the terrific shelling and gas. I then went to the forward observation station. From that time until we came out of action, a month or so later, it was one continuous round of excitement. I was fortunate to escape with no wounds. I was gassed, but that wore off.

"We had a few weeks' rest and are now back at work again. The last ten days have been wonderful and they make one rather homesick.

"I am at present beside a pretty little stream and certainly everything does look peaceful. The noise of guns and shell bursts, however, does not permit me to day-dream for any length of time."

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Would Rather Fight

"About a week ago, much to my disgust, I was detached from the Train and detailed to work with the Imperial Purchase Board. It is a very soft job and I have my own car, a decent billet and all that sort of thing, but I would very much sooner be up near the line with our own people."

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"We had a very interesting time during the Hun push ; fought a rearguard action all the way from the original line to our present line. After the Boche was held up, they gave us a couple of weeks to refit. As we are Army troops, they move us about wherever we are needed ; consequently we see a good deal of rather warm scrapping. So far we have missed the stunt down South."

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Lost Everything But His Boots

"Within the last two months Don has lost all his belongings ; the first time when a German shell burst in his dugout and caused him to lose practically everything, and secondly when, in assisting to hold up the line, the Battery was forced to retire. I understand they brought back the guns and ammunition, but absolutely nothing else, and when Don finally found a resting place, I believe he had his boots, socks and trousers, but nothing else. Under the circumstances he has had to make a couple of calls on his bankers for a new outfit, but this is quite all right as long as he got back with a whole skin."

A Memorial to Old Boys

"I am just writing a line, as, with the signature of the Germans to the Armistice, there has been a great deal of excitement and celebration ; but, after the first burst, our thoughts turn to those who made the great sacrifice and gave their all for the cause in order that we might celebrate. I want to find out if the old School is going to erect a memorial to our old school-mates who paid the price, and, if so, I might be given a chance to subscribe to it, as, even in the wildest delirium of joy, we cannot forget the grand and glorious army of the dead who obtained this result for us."

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Evidences of Hun Culture

"This last phase of warfare we have been in has been about the most exciting and interesting yet. There has been very little fighting, but lots of travelling, as Fritzie retired a good distance on this front and only put up a rearguard opposition which didn't avail him much. All the villages we have passed through lately have had civilians in them, and after four years of the Hun, or "pig," (as they call the Fritz), you may imagine how glad they were to see Allied troops again. I had the honour to be amongst the first troops to enter a good many of the towns and villages and it was a wonderful greeting we received. The civilians met us at the entrances of the places with coffee, cocoa, chocolate, etc., and in fact what was theirs was ours. Old women, young girls, men and boys, were all the same, all shouting 'Vive la France.'

"I would hate to tell the number of bowls of coffee and cocoa I have had within the last week, not to say anything of soups. I do not think I ever ate as many vegetables in my life. A fellow begins to realize what he has been fighting for when he hears the stories of some of these poor French people. One don't necessarily have to hear what the Hun has done, you see with your own eyes the wanton destruction and ruin he has caused everywhere. You know then why the Allies hold strong and will listen to nothing but absolute and complete surrender on his part. At nights we billet in these villages and the people can not do enough for us. One place, in particular, I met an awfully nice old couple. I was called out about seven in the evening to carry a despatch and when I got back about midnight the old man was waiting for me with a big tub of hot water for a bath, and he gave me hot coffee and cocoa.

"It is not often in this war that a fellow can make a trip to the front line and into No Man's Land, as we did that night, and then come back to a treat like that. I was able to return their kindness a little by procuring one of our doctors for a little girl friend of theirs who was pretty ill. I visited them about three or four days later and they gave me to understand that any time I was near their home, or any of their relatives, I would be received with open arms."

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"These men of ours are marvellous. There has not been a single case of indiscipline. I think that, deep down in their souls, there is something too great to allow them to give away now. These men, who have made this miracle possible, have seen, have felt, have feared, have suffered, have sorrowed too much, to give way now when the end of it all has come. Too many dear friends lie behind them to let them forget that those friends, too, have done their share ; and though the men may not realize it, I am sure it is the beautiful thoughts, the great tender feeling for the absent chums, that is making them voluntarily

maintain the life standard of discipline which has made the name of the Canadian Corps one to be very proud of. We need have no fears of our men, they are behind the Empire to a man. The German population, who will soon see them, need have no fear of them. We shall not forget the treachery of their army ; we shall not cease to hate as we have been given great cause to hate ; but I know that, nevertheless, our men will conduct themselves in a manner which will be in keeping with the glorious name they have won and that their actions will always be just, courteous and firm."

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The following letter from a Captain at the front, an Old Boy of course, because of its general interest, we print in full :

THE ATTACK

"Our attack of last Friday was really quite a wonderful affair. Operating with a comparatively small force, in a restricted area, with the enemy occupying very strong, natural, defensive positions, which completely prevented us making a previous reconnaissance of the ground, we nevertheless advanced some two miles and, arriving at our final objective on time, enabled another brigade to cross the canal and continue the liberation of the City. Some idea of the extent of our success and the strength of the opposing forces may be gained if I quote you a few figures which I know to be true. My company, which was the assaulting company, captured one field gun, ten heavy machine guns, five light machine guns, and a number of automatic and anti-tank rifles, as well as two mienwerper machines. To this must be added a very large number of prisoners. The German dead on the ground taken by the battalion amounted to more than 800, while the captured numbered 1,800.

"All the way the fighting on my company frontage was street fighting and we had a great deal of trouble with machine guns and snipers located in houses and the larger factory buildings that line the canal and railway. My frontage was restricted owing to much of the area being flooded and I had the greatest difficulty at times to prevent the men from bunching and thereby becoming excellent targets for machine gun fire. But I was covered with horseshoes, as usual, and I only lost three men killed and the smallest number of wounded of any company in the battalion. I was unfortunate though in losing my only officer, a very splendid fellow, he being killed by machine gun fire after we had attained our objective."

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THE DUCK POND AND THE STYX

"A rather funny incident occurred to me during the advance, though it was not quite as amusing at the time as it appeared later. We had been held up by fire from some houses in a street, so, leaving a small section to watch the front, I proceeded to the rear with the intention of outflanking the enemy if possible. I had not gone far when I was fired on and, as the shots were unpleasantly close, I thought it best to look for cover. All I could see were some bushes at the far side of what appeared to have been a rather decent lawn. I made a dash for them. Imagine my surprise when I suddenly found myself sinking down, down into icy water. I had stepped into a waist-deep duck pond whose surface had been hidden from view by dust and weed seeds. Apparently I must have passed out of the sniper's vision at the same time, for I was able to scramble out and to regain the street in safety. There we threw a few bombs ahead of us to

make the Hun duck and, following them up with a rush, broke into the house, where we found an officer, his servant and a number of men. We sent the officer joyfully on his way and, as we considered it would be undignified for a German officer to do any hard work, we sent a few men with him to row him across the Styx. The remainder, when they come out of hospital, will help to rebuild the railways they blew to pieces a few weeks ago.

"Another amusing incident happened when we reached our final objectives. We had orders to communicate our positions to our contact aeroplanes by means of ground flares and other apparati. At the time there seemed to be about twenty planes a few hundred feet above us, firing their machine guns for all they were worth. We had plenty of work on our hands, so without bothering to investigate their identity, we merely showed our flares and went on with our job of cleaning up the machine gun nests that were bothering us. It was not until some hours later that we learned that we had very kindly signalled a large flight of enemy aeroplanes and that the firing we had heard was being directed at us. However, none of us were hit, so I suppose that didn't matter. And that, I guess, is about all there is to tell about that show."

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MEETS THE PRINCE OF WALES

"It was the day before yesterday that I had the pleasure of being introduced to and shaking hands with the Prince of Wales. I was attending a conference of company commanders at Battalion headquarters when a staff officer walked in and said that the Prince, who was outside, would very much like to come in and meet us if it was convenient. The C.O. told him we would be pleased, so he ushered in the Prince. He was wearing an old trench coat, drenched with rain and plastered with mud, splashed on him by motor lorries as he walked along the streets. His boots were unrecognizable as such, and his puttees were covered with mud.

"He is a very pleasant young fellow, of medium height and build, with rosy cheeks and large very pale blue eyes. His chin is round and firm, with just the trace of a dimple in the centre of it, his teeth even, white and well set. His fair almost blonde hair he wears brushed well back from his forehead and parted on the left side and, according to army regulations, it is in need of attention from the regimental barber. He is attempting to grow a mustache, but, even to Princes, these facial adornments appear to be as elusive as to many ambitious youths of humbler birth.

"Judging from the way he spoke of the Hun, I do not think we need have any fear of our future queen being of Teutonic lineage. His remarks would have tickled the heart of the most bloodthirsty Canadian soldier. He made himself solid in our affections by giving us his views on ceremonial parades, those views, we being gratified to find, coinciding with the ones we had many times expressed in words not to be found in the new Oxford dictionary. By the time that his twenty-minute visit had ended, we almost felt sufficiently acquainted to call him 'An old sport,' and I am sure the only thing that prevented our extending a little of Scotland's hospitality to him was the fact that there wasn't a bottle of it in the canteen.

"A very funny incident happened during his visit. The conversation was in full swing, when one of our Majors came into the room, with a cigarette in his

mouth and his hands in his pockets. The C.O. turned to the Prince and said, 'This is my Senior Major, Major Blank.'

"The Major, not recognizing the Prince and noting that his military rank was merely that of a Captain, did not bother to remove the cigarette, but, putting out his hand, took that of the Prince and said, 'Glad to meet you. What did you say the name was?'

"The poor Prince became quite embarrassed for the moment until the C.O. who was rapidly losing his control of the situation, came to the rescue and disclosed the visitor's identity to the Major. I never saw anything funnier than that Major's face. It became suffused with every imaginable colour. It was so ludicrous that we all burst out laughing, and the loudest of us all was the Prince.

"He is at present attached to the Canadian Corps Staff as a learner and is, I understand, making himself very popular there by his unassuming manners and his eagerness to do all that he can for the successful prosecution of the war. He hates show, and one story is that when he was going to visit a certain divisional headquarters, he did it by sneaking along some back yards and vaulting a fence, while a whole army of officers and men were busy controlling traffic in various streets so that the progress of his car would not be impeded.

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VALENCIENNES

"Yesterday morning we marched to Valenciennes, where, in the Grand Place in front of the Hotel de Ville, we received the thanks of the citizens for the liberation of their City. Only those who actually took part in the attack were in the parade. We lined up on three sides of the great square, facing the City Hall, in front of which a large platform, banked with palms and flowers, had been erected to hold the civic dignitaries. They took their place upon the platform and in front of them stood a number of little girls dressed in white and bearing large bouquets of flowers. General Currie, the Divisional Commander and the Commander of the British Corps which operated on our right, stood on the pavement in front of the platform. As the Army Commander, General Thorne, and the Prince marched into the Square, we presented arms.

"An address was then read by the Mairie, to which General Thorne replied. He was followed by a French General, who was replied to by the Prince. The little girls then presented the Generals with flowers and Currie made a hit with the crowd by picking up his little girl and kissing her. This was followed by the playing of the French and British National Anthems during which we stood at the 'present.' An inspection followed and the ceremony concluded with a march past.

"The Square was decorated with flags and bunting. Above the main entrance of the Hotel de Ville the Allied flags were draped and in the centre above them, alone, conspicuous and occupying the place of honour, hung the flag of Canada. Hundreds of civilians came to watch the ceremony, all windows, balconies and pavements being crowded. Many photographers were present so that you at home may soon have an opportunity of seeing this historic assembly upon the screen. Canada holds a wonderful place in the hearts of these people, so long oppressed. We are more than Allies to them, more than friends; we are liberators, and to them all that the magic of that word means.

"A funny thing happened while the speeches were being read. A goat, some regimental pet, made its way on to the platform and, in spite of the attempts of a number of attendants, it persisted in its efforts to eat the flowers the youngsters were guarding so zealously. So if you should see any pictures of the ceremony, you will know why all the boys are smiling so cheerily."

THE END OF THE HUNT

The School

E. G. Smith—Editor

OUTING AT YORK MILLS

While the Spanish Influenza was prevalent in the city it was thought advisable by the health authorities, both of the school and of Toronto, to keep private schools isolated as much as possible. The question arose as to what would be done on Saturdays. We decided that our best course was to go out to the new school grounds at York Mills and have more or less of a picnic. Consequently for three successive Saturdays all the boarders went out to the grounds in private street cars and played baseball and other games. In the middle of the day could be seen a long line of hungry fellows eagerly awaiting their turn to be helped to weiners, milk, pie and apples. The afternoons were spent in a treasure hunting after the conclusion of the baseball league, and at about half past four we returned to the school feeling that, after all, this was not such a poor way of spending a Saturday.

CAPTAIN H. W. MACDONNELL'S VISIT

Many of our Old Boys will remember Capt. H. W. Macdonnell, who was house master here from 1913-1915 and who went overseas with the "Princess" Pats at the beginning of the war. Captain and Mrs. Macdonnell were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald for a short time in October.

Captain Macdonnell gave an interesting talk to the boys in the library on the evening of Saturday, October nineteenth. His theme was his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany. Needless to say the graphic account of his adventures in the land of the Hun was received with much interest by all.

VICTORY LOAN PARADE

The Cadet Corps, in the Highland uniform, headed by the pipe and bugle bands, paraded at the Victory Loan celebration, which was held in Toronto on November the eleventh. After marching through the streets the parade, which consisted of representatives of every military unit in the city, assembled in

front of the Parliament Buildings, where, in company with thousands of civilians, a peace service was held. The music was led by the bands of the 48th Highlanders and the famous Sousa's band, which came over from Niagara Camp for the occasion.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S VISIT

On the afternoon of Monday, November the 25th, His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, visited the college and inspected the buildings. The Cadet Corps paraded on very short notice and acted as guard of honour. His Excellency showed his knowledge and sympathy with schoolboy ideals by asking for a half-holiday for the school, which was granted by the Headmaster.

UNFURLING THE FLAG

An interesting ceremony took place at eleven o'clock, on the morning of December the fourth, when, for the first time, St. Andrew's College unfurled the Union Jack on the new flagstaff, on the tower of the Knox College buildings. Mrs. Gandier, wife of the Principal of Knox College, performed the ceremony. Afterwards, in a few well chosen words, she thanked the Headmaster for the honour thus conferred upon her and addressed the boys. As the flag was being raised, three cheers were given by the students who were assembled in the quadrangle. This was followed by the singing of "God Save the King."

PRIZE DAY

The eighteenth annual distribution of prizes, which was postponed from the usual day, St. Andrew's Day, took place on the afternoon of December sixth, in the Chapel of the College. A large number of parents and friends of the pupils were present and also many Old Boys.

Shortly after three o'clock the Headmaster entered the Chapel accompanied by the Lieut.-Governor of the Province and a number of other distinguished guests.

Among the many prominent men who had seats in the Chancel may be mentioned, Sir John Hendrie, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, (Chairman of the Board of Governors), Doctor Macdonald, Sir Robert Falconer, (President of the University of Toronto), Rev. John Pringle, Prof. Ballantyne, Dr. John Neill, Rev. T. O. Little, Principal W. L. Grant, of Upper Canada College, and many others.

Lady Hendrie also was present and presented some of the prizes.

PRIZE LIST

Preparatory Form.

General Proficiency : 1st, Denison III.; 2nd, Dennis.

Form I.

General Proficiency : 1st, Matthews, Van Winckel, Carrick II.

Form II.

General Proficiency: 1st, Beer II, McLean II; 3rd, Blomfield.

Form III.

General Proficiency : 1st, Dayment; 2nd, Carrick I; 3rd, Cook; 4th, Earle II; 5th, Patterson II ; 6th, Cameron I.

Form IV.

General Proficiency: 1st, Pringle; 2nd, Clift I; 3rd, Black II; 4th, Robertson; 5th, Calvert II.

Form V.

A. Division

General Proficiency : 1st, MacKay ; 2nd, Mitchell; 3rd Sleght.

B. Division.

(No Awards.)

Lower VI. (Toronto Group).

General Proficiency : 1st, McDougall ; 2nd, Black I; 3rd, Wood.

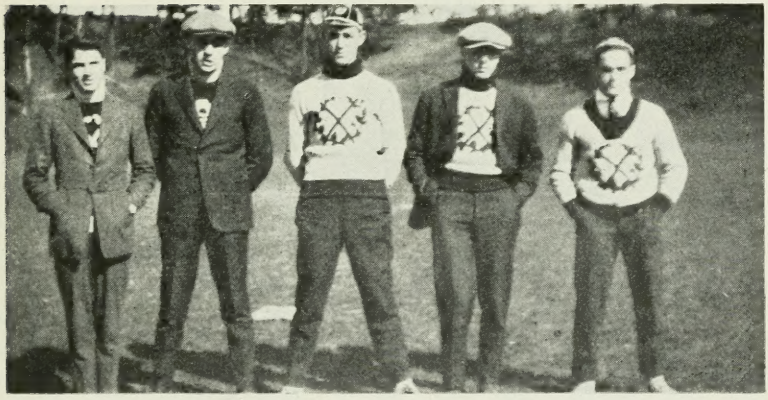
Upper VI.

General Proficiency : 1st, Curry; 2nd, McLaughlin.

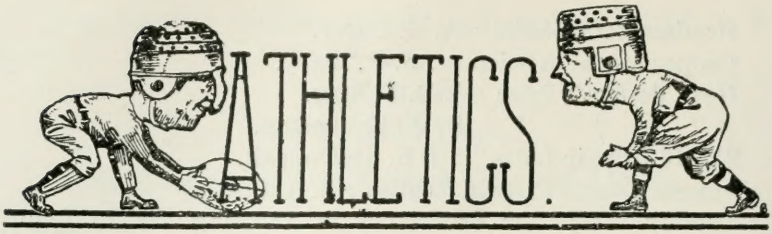
SPECIAL PRIZES

Governor-General's Medal : A. G. Curry.
Lieut.-Governor's Silver Medal : R. R. McLaughlin.
Lieut.-Governor's Bronze Medal : A. G. Curry.
Chairman's Gold Medal : J. E. McDougall.

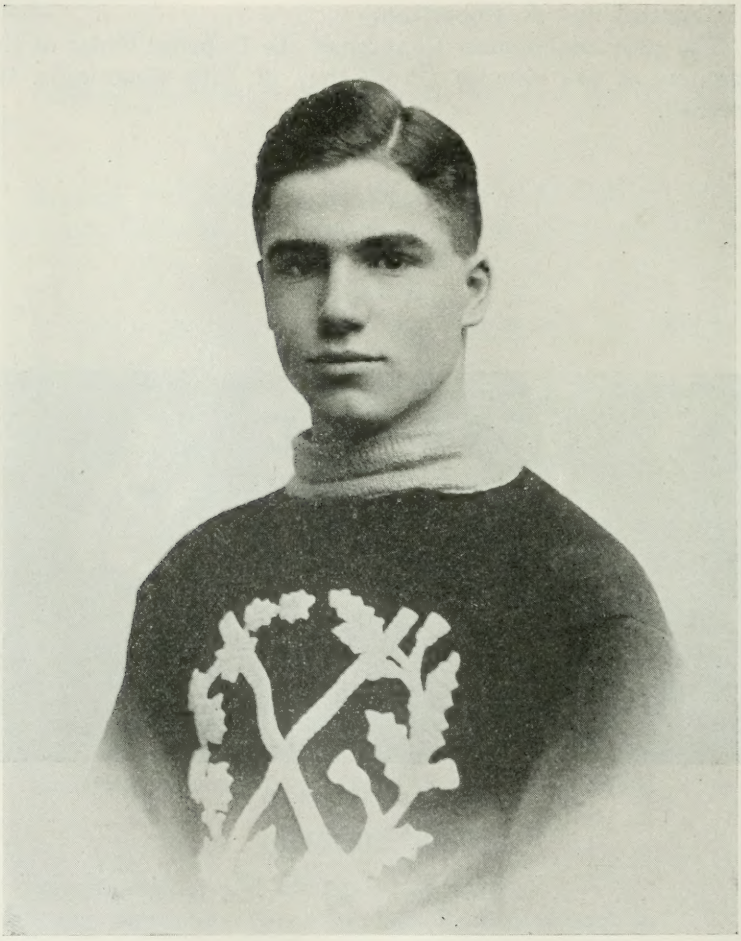
Headmaster's Medal : A. G. Curry.
Cooper Medal in Science : S. R. Black.
Head Perfect's Prize : J. D. F. Ross.
" " " B. W. Emmerson.
"Wyld Prize in Latin" : J. E. McDougall.
"James George Prize in English : S. A. Beath.
Thorley Medal for Proficiency in Shooting : W. D. Lightbourn.
Gooderham Medal : R. T. Black.
Christie Cup : R. Robertson.
The 48th Highlanders Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire (Proficiency in Rifle Shooting) : W. Campbell.



A PERFECT DAY—AT YORK MILLS



D. I. GRANT—Editor



R. GRANT GORDON

Captain, First Rugby Team

PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM

GORDON I ("Gord").—Captain and quarter, the same position he held last year. Made an excellent captain and ran his team splendidly. Was the fastest man on the field in all games and was in no small way responsible for both our victories over U.C.C.

STIRRETT ("Petrolia").—Left Half. Moved from his last year's position of Outside Wing. The heaviest man on the team, who uses his weight to advantage in running and plunging. A good catch, but rather weak in tackling and is inclined to get excited.

LOOMIS ("Eddie").—Right Half. Came up from last year's seconds. A good runner and catcher and a very steady all-round player who can be depended upon. Rather a weak tackler.

STONEHOUSE ("Stoney").—Flying Wing. An old colour who particularly showed up well in the second U.C.C. game. Probably the best defensive player on the team. A good tackler and fair runner.

KENT ("Leght").—Flying Wing. Third year on the team. Did practically all the kicking and never was out-kicked. Scored a beautiful field goal in the first U.C.C. game. One of the best tacklers on the team with plenty of speed.

MCCARTER.—Centre Scrim. First year on team. A good steady player who always works hard. A good tackler with a fair amount of speed.

MASON ("Norman").—Left Scrim. A new boy who although it was his first attempt at rugby proved to be a reliable man. A good defensive player, but inclined to tackle high.

CARRICK I ("Jess").—Right Scrim. Graduated from last year's thirds. One of our heaviest men and a fair tackler. Owing to illness did not play in the second U.C.C. game.

SMITH I ("Smithy").—Left Scrim. Also came from last year's thirds. Played well in his only game. A poor tackler but a hard worker.

SYER ("Rufus").—Left Inside. An old colour who was probably the best at smothering opponents' plays with his breaking through and good tackling. Opens holes and bucks well.

MCDONALD III ("Mac").—Right Inside. Played on last year's seconds. A good tackler and a fast runner when he gets away. Plays a hard, steady game.

CARLE I ("Morris").—Left Middle. Another of last season's colours. Good at opening holes and a hard tackler. Uses his weight to advantage. Always plays his hardest.

MACDONALD I ("Butts").—Right Middle. Came up from the seconds. A very good bucker with speed who fights all the way.

MCMURTRY I ("Roy").—Left Outside. An old colour. Tackles and follows up well. Perhaps plays a better defensive game, never lets up.

THORLEY ("Chick").—Right Outside. One of last year's colours. Although the lightest man on the team is one of the best tacklers. Follows up well but is poor on handling the ball.

THE FIRST UPPER CANADA GAME

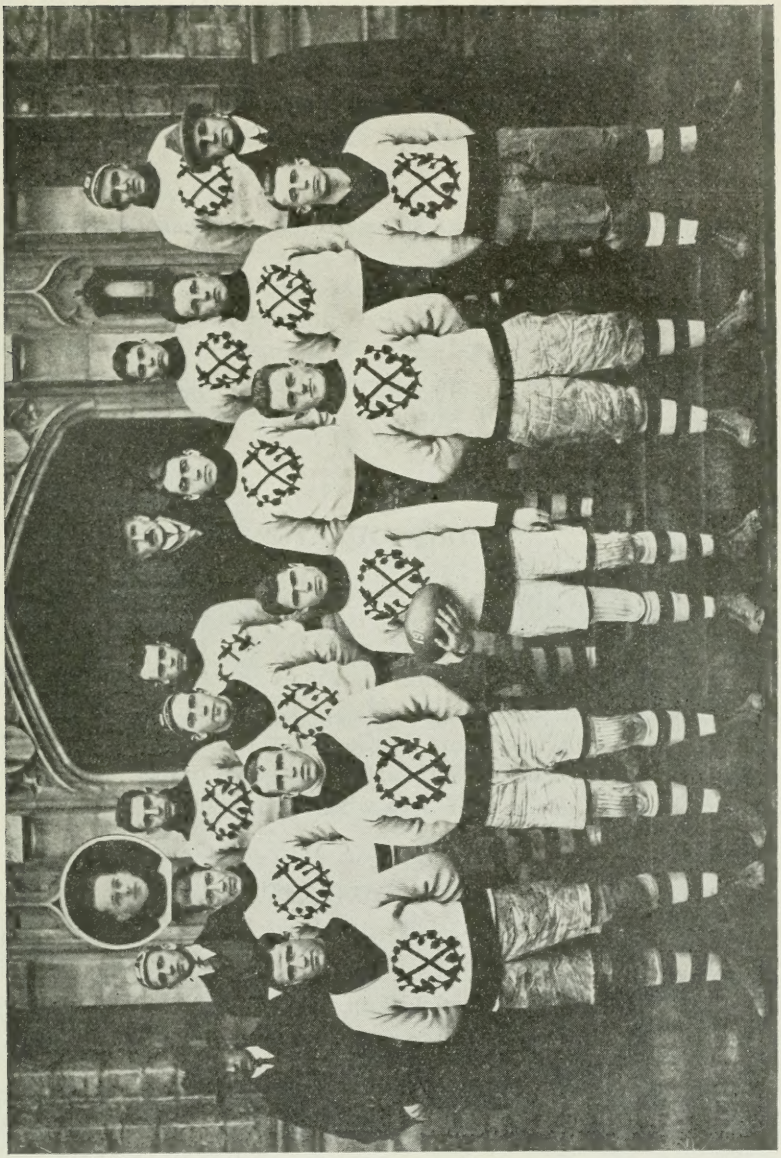
Owing to the influenza, the regular schedule of Little Big Four games was not played. Several exhibition games, however, were arranged. The first was with Jarvis Collegiate which we beat by the score of 9 to 5. It was the first of the season and both teams played loose football.

Home and home games were next arranged with U.C.C., the first of which took place on Wednesday, November 6th, at the Varsity Stadium.

THE LINE UP.

St. Andrews.		*Upper Canada.*
Kent	Flying Wing	Yager
Stonehouse	Left Half	Chisholm
Stirrett	Centre Half	Zybach
Loomis	Right Half	Rowell
Gordon	Quarter	Cross
Carrick	Right Scrim	W. McDougall
McCarter	Centre Scrim	Richard
Mason	Left Scrim	J. McDougall
Syer	Left Inside	Beatty
McDonald III	Right Inside	Davis II
Earle I	Left Middle	Davis I
Macdonald I	Right Middle	Hyland
McMurtry	Left Outside	Evans
Thorley	Right Outside	Rogers

Referee—Dr. Wood.
Umpire—Ray Clark.



THE FIRST RUGBY TEAM

FIRST QUARTER

S. A. C. kicked off and got possession of the ball on an offside which U.C.C. recovered a few seconds later on a similar offence. Loomis got the ball and made a fine run before he was forced out. On the next play Gordon brought the fans to their feet by a wonderful 50-yard run for a touchdown which was not converted.

S. A. C.—5. U. C. C.—0.

Both teams were now settling down to steady rugby with S.A.C. forcing the play.

After two bucks which netted 5 yards U.C.C. lost the ball on a forward pass, but regained it a moment later on interference, and kicked to Stirrett, who ran back twenty yards before he was brought down. S. A. C. now began to use her bucks and the team was well down the field when the whistle sounded for quarter time.

S. A. C.—5. U. C. C.—0.

SECOND QUARTER

Gordon again called for bucks and gained yards twice, only to have the ball change hands on interference. On an exchange of punts S.A.C. gained 20 yards and U.C.C. tried bucks twice for yards, lost the ball after having made 30 yards on line plunging and gained possession again on S.A.C. offside.

Thorley, McMurtry and McCarter were following down fast on Kent's high kicks and McMurtry recovered a kick on U.C.C.'s 15-yard line just as the half-time whistle sounded.

S. A. C.—5. U. C. C.—0.

THIRD QUARTER

U.C.C. kicked off. Stonehouse ran back twenty yards and Kent kicked, recovering the ball. Gordon again caused a sensation by a run covering half the field and MacDonald III went over for a touch on a buck that simply couldn't be stopped.

S. A. C.—10. U. C. C.—0.

Loomis ran the kick-off back over two white lines and for the rest of the quarter both teams played straight rugby, two bucks and a kick, the play remaining near the middle of the field. No further score was made.

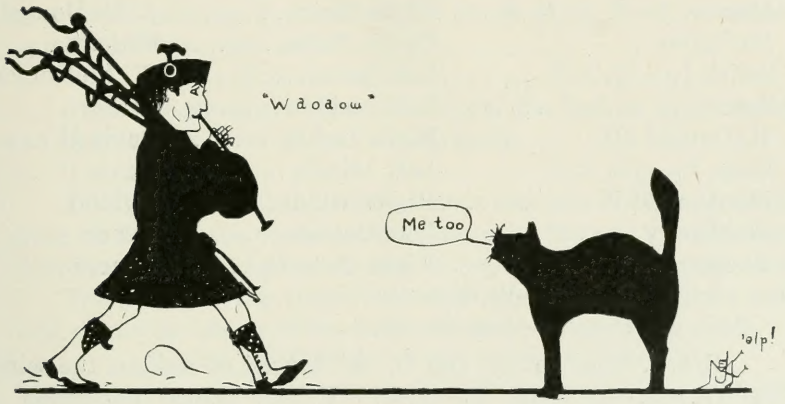
Score at three-quarter time, S.A.C.—10. U.C.C.—0.

On an off-side U.C.C. gained possession on the S.A.C. 25 yard line and Beatty made a fine attempt at a drop which missed only by a few feet. The ball was run out around the end by Loomis. Kent kicked and S.A.C. got the ball on a wild pass. Stirritt did some fine line plunging and again Kent kicked. U.C.C. bucked twice, lost possession of a loose ball, and Kent put over a beautiful drop from the 30-yard line.

S. A. C.—13. U. C. C.—0.

After a five minute punting duel of which Kent had decidedly the better, the whistle blew for full time.

Final Score:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—0.



A DUET

NOTES

Gordon was probably the best man on the field. He handled his team with great skill, besides giving a splendid individual exhibition, being directly responsible for one touch, and opening the way for another.

Kent's kicking was decidedly good, his long spirals outdistancing those of Beatty on nearly every occasion. He also put over one splendid field goal.

Upper Canada's line work was perhaps better than ours, Davis and Hyland starring in this department.

The field was in perfect condition, consequently the game was fast. Unfortunately, however, neither half-line was dependable, although the Crimson and White had the edge on their opponents.

THE SECOND UPPER CANADA GAME.

The return game between S.A.C. and U.C.C. was played on Wednesday, November 13th, on Upper Canada'a grounds.

The line-up was as follows:—

S.A.C.		*U.C.C.*
Kent	Flying Wing	Yager
Stonehouse	Left Half	Chisholm
Stirrett	Centre Half	Zybach
Loomis	Right Half	Rowell
Gordon I	Quarter	Cross
Mason	Right Scrim	J. McDougall
McCarter	Centre Scrim	Richards
Smith I	Left Scrim	W. McDougall
Syer	Left Inside	Beatty
McDonald III	Right Inside	Davis II
Earle I	Left Middle	Davis I
MacDonald I	Right Middle	Hyland
McMurtry	Left Outside	Evans
Thorley	Right Outside	Rogers

Referee—W. Hewitt.
Umpire—Lou Marsh.

S.A.C. won the toss and U.C.C. kicked off against the wind. Stonehouse ran back 20 yards. U.C.C. gained possession of the ball on interference but lost it again, failing to make yards. After two bucks, Kent kicked, McMurtry making the tackle. U.C.C. failing to break through, kicked and Stirrett made a fine run back. After an exchange of punts, Kent fell on a loose ball and, on the next down, drew first blood with a kick to the dead-line.

S.A.C.—1. U.C.C.—0.

S.A.C. was now playing fine rugby, every man playing his position and playing it well. The score was further added to when Stonehouse following down on a "Kent special" got the ball on a muff and went over for the first touch, which Kent converted.

Score:—S.A.C.—7. U.C.C.—7.

During the next few minutes the officials were kept busy, both teams being penalized for off-sides and interference.

After a few minutes' play Zybach of Upper Canada was hurt in a buck but after a few minutes continued the game. U.C.C. kicked and Loomis ran the ball back 15 yards before he was tackled.

Quarter Time:—S.A.C.—7. U.C.C.—0.

Shortly after the change of ends Chisholm of Upper Canada got away around the end for a 40-yard run and on the next down Beatty tried a drop but the S.A.C. line broke through to a man and spoiled the kick. U.C.C. taking advantage of the wind began to kick frequently but were not able to gain ground, Kent holding his own splendidly even against the wind. U.C.C. now got possession of the ball at S.A.C. quarter way but after two downs lost it on interference.

After an exchange of punts S.A.C. began to buck their way up the field and sent Syer across for a touch which Kent converted just as half-time was called.

Score:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—0.

After five minutes of play S.A.C. lost the ball on interference and Beatty kicked for U.C.C.'s only score.

S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—2.

S.A.C. came back and worked their way into U.C.C. territory using all their bucks, varied with a plunge by Stirrett which netted 8 yards and several end runs, only to lose the ball on interference.

The play for the remainder of the period swung back and forih about the centre of the field, no further score being made.

End of 3rd Period:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—2.

With the wind in their backs U.C.C. began to kick and again and again the S.A.C. halves were called upon to make difficult catches, a call to which they responded well, not a ball being muffed. The game developed into a kicking duel which was still being fought when the whistle blew for full-time.

Final Score:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—2.

The team wishes to thank Grant, and his assistant Pringle, for their able management during the season. They gave much time and took great pains to see that the team was always properly cared for.

To Herbie Allen who has been the First Team coach for a number of years we owe a great deal of gratitude. Although handicapped by the shortage of men he was up to the stadium to assist us as often as he possibly could and certainly without his coaching the team could not have gained the successes it did.

We only regret that the league was not played out to give ourselves an opportunity of showing him how we had profited by his instruction. R. G. G.

NOTES.

The field was in poor condition owing to rain, and consequently Gordon was handicapped, but he handled his team splendidly, and his head work was in no small way responsible for our victory.

Stonehouse at flying wing played as well as any man on the field, starring particularly at defensive work. Time and again he broke up our opponents' plays with his hard and accurate tackling.

Both half-lines gave a much better showing than in the preceding game, this being especially noticeable in the last quarter, when time and again, both made difficult catches. Stirrett used his weight to advantage in running back kicks, making many yards on straight plunges. Loomis also ran back well.

For U.C.C. Zybach and Chisholm did very well indeed, the former's plunges through the centre being exceptionally good.

Ridley defeated U.C.C. on the previous Saturday by a very close margin, the score being 10 to 6.

The season was a very successful one for the school as a whole, only one game being lost, by the thirds, and that by the close score of 4 to 3. Indeed they won on the round.

The abbreviated Little Big Four standing was as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pts. For	Against.
St Andrews	2	0	26	2
Ridley	1	0	10	6
Upper Canada	0	3	8	36
T. C. S.	Did not play.			

THE SECOND TEAM

In spite of the influenza epidemic the seconds were successful in winning their two games from U.C.C. There was only one day boy on the team and he was back in time for the second game.

THE FIRST UPPER CANADA GAME

On Wednesday, Nov. 6th, St. Andrew's second team opened their season in a game with Upper Canada Seconds at the latter's

grounds. Our team was somewhat heavier than U.C.C. and had little difficulty in defeating them. The teams lined up on a field which was rather wet.

The line up :

S.A.C.		*U.C.C.*
Smith, McCarter, McPherson II	Scrimmage	Tomenson, Short, Thompson, W. M.
Mason, Boyd	Insides	Whitby, Creighton
Patten, Macdonald I	Middle	Davis II, Kirke
Earle, Richardson	Outside	Huckvale, Rawlings
Robertson	Flying Wings	Thompson, J. E.
Loomis, Clark, McPherson I	Halves	Swabey, Rogers, Maggan
McKay. (Capt.)	Quarter	Winslow (Capt.)

Referee—Beatty.
Umpire—Gordon.

THE SECOND RUGBY TEAM

S.A.C. won the toss and decided to defend the west goal. In the first quarter, the ball having changed hands several times Macdonald bucked for a touch which was not converted.

S.A.C.—5. U.C.C.—0.

U.C.C. kicked off and was gradually forced back to the 30-yard line, when the whistle blew for the quarter time.

St. Andrew's commenced strongly on the second quarter and in a short time were on U.C.C.'s 20-yard line. Loomis broke away for a nice run which resulted in a touch.

S.A.C.—10. U.C.C.—0.

U.C.C. kicked off to Clark. St. Andrew's bucked but lost the ball on interference. U.C.C. was determined to score and after some good bucking Creighton went over for a touch which was not converted.

S.A.C.—10. U.C.C.—5.

S.A.C. kicked off to U.C.C. The latter fumbled, St. Andrew's recovering. The ball changed hands on interference and U.C.C. were forced to kick. Loomis caught nicely and made a brilliant 60-yard run. S.A.C. bucked for yards and the period ended with the ball 1 yard from U.C.C. goal.

Half time:—S.A.C.—10. U.C.C.—5.

St. Andrew's kicked off to Upper Canada. The latter held 30 yards out. U.C.C. bucked on three downs but failed to make yards, giving us the ball. Macdonald and Boyd both bucked for yards and Mason by a clever 20 yard run went over for a touch.

S.A.C.—15. U.C.C.—5.

U.C.C. kicked off and after some good bucking Loomis kicked to U.C.C. who were held 2 yards out. Upper Canada bucked but fumbled the ball. St. Andrew's bucked but lost on interference. U.C.C. went at it with renewed vigour and went down the field for more than 50 yards before they were downed. Both teams were playing straight rugby, two bucks and a kick, when three quarters' time blew.

S.A.C. bucked for yards and Loomis kicked on the first down for a rouge.

S.A.C.—16. U.C.C.—5.

After considerable bucking by both teams S.A.C. again kicked for a rouge.

S.A.C.—17. U.C.C.—5.

U.C.C. scrimmaged the ball at quarter way but lost the ball on a fumble. St. Andrew's kicked on the first down to U.C.C.

who fumbled behind their own line. McCarter by quick following up fell on the ball for another touch which was converted by Loomis.

Final Score:—S.A.C.—23. U.C.C.—5.

The splendid manner in which McKay handled his team was largely responsible for the victory over U.C.C. Loomis is to be complimented on his splendid catching, running and kicking. Macdonald I and Mason showed up well on the line. For U.C.C., Davis and Creighton played well on the line while Swabey did good work on the half.

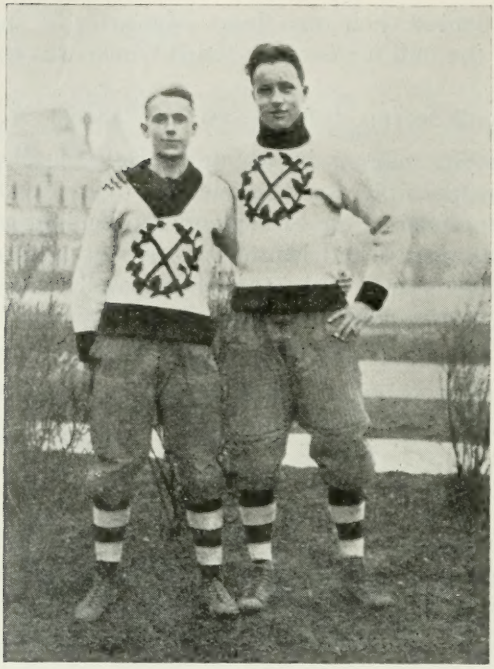
U.C.C. II TEAM vs. S.A.C. II TEAM

On Thursday, November 14th, the return match with U.C.C. was played at the Varsity Stadium.

The line up was as follows :

U.C.C.		*S.A.C.*
Swabey, Maggan, Harcraft	Halves	Clark I, McPherson I, Fairbank
Thompson	Flying Wing	Auld
Huckvale, Mitchell	Outsides	Earle II, Richardson
Hyde, Kirke	Middles	Boles, Glendenning
Creighton, Whitby	Insides	Peene, Boyd
Grainger, Short, Darcens	Scrims	Smith I, Robertson, Clift I
Winslow (Capt.)	Quarter	MacKay

U.C.C. won the toss and defended the south goal. Clift I kicked off and the ball was run to half-way. U.C.C. bucked twice for yards and gained yards on S.A.C. off-side. U.C.C. bucked three times but failed to gain yards and lost the ball. Auld for S.A.C. made twenty yards and Earle II made 10 yards. Glendenning and Boles bucked for yards and then Boyd got away on an end run for a touch which was not converted. There



TWO KICKERS

was no further scoring during the remainder of the quarter, the play remaining mostly in the centre of the field.

Quarter time:—S.A.C.—5. U.C.C.—0.

In the second quarter an exchange of kicks ensued for a few minutes and then Clark got away for a twenty-yard gain on a fake kick. S.A.C. lost the ball on interference. U.C.C. bucked to our quarter line and lost the ball on interference. S.A.C. bucked twice and kicked and Swabey of U.C.C. ran the ball back to our territory. U.C.C. bucked to within a few yards of the touch line but were unable to score.

Half time:—S.A.C.—5. U.C.C.—0.

In the second half U.C.C. kicked to Clark. S.A.C. bucked for yards and lost the ball on interference in the next down. S.A.C. recovered the ball again on U.C.C. interference and kicked before the opposing halves could get back, gaining thirty-five yards. Both teams bucked twice and kicked for about five minutes, when Clark kicked a field goal from the thirty-yard line. This ended the scoring.

Third Quarter:—S.A.C.—8. U.C.C.—0.

After gaining yards several times U.C.C. kicked on their last down. S.A.C. now used their end runs and gained fifty yards but lost the ball on failing to gain yards on a third down. U.C.C. kicked to McPherson who ran it back twenty yards. S.A.C. bucked to U.C.C. quarter line. Clark tried another drop kick which was unsuccessful. Both sides exchanged kicks with Clark outkicking Swabey. U.C.C. tried to buck out their territory but could not break through the S.A.C. line. Full time ended with S.A.C. in possession of the ball near their quarter line.

S.A.C.—8. U.C.C.—0.

R. M.

THE THIRD TEAM

The Third Team, owing to the influenza epidemic was only able to play three games, two with U.C.C. and one with U.T.S.

S.A.C. III vs. U.C.C. THIRD

On Friday, November 15th, our first game was played on Upper Canada's grounds. In the first quarter U.C.C. was forced

THE THIRD RUGBY TEAM

to rouge making the score 1 to 0. A few minutes later Glenn went over for a touch, which was not converted.

S.A.C.—6. U.C.C.—0.

At half time the score stood, S.A.C. 6 ; U.C.C. 0.

In the third quarter we gained 5 more points, Applegath securing a loose ball behind goal. U.C.C. forced us to rouge making the score S.A.C. 11; U.C.C. 1. In the last quarter U.C.C. forced 3 more rouges on us which brought their score up to four.

When the whistle was blown for time the score remained, S.A.C. 11; U.C.C. 4.

Pugsley, Heap and McMichal were the outstanding stars for S.A.C.

THE RETURN GAME WITH U.C.C. III

On Thursday, November 21st, the Thirds played at the Stadium, their return game with Upper Canada.

A few minutes after play began Upper Canada forced us to rouge. In the second quarter Johnson of U.C.C. kicked a field goal, making the score half-time, U.C.C. 4 ; S.A.C. 0.

In the third quarter St. Andrews got on their toes and played much better rugby, no points being scored by U.C.C. In the last quarter Applegath kicked a field goal bringing the score up to 4 to 3. A few minutes later he used poor judgment when he tried a drop over on the last down. By continual bucking we were able to reach U.C.C.'s line where Boles bucked it over, but this was not allowed on account of interference.

Full time score : U.C.C. 4. S.A.C. 3.

Although we were defeated in the return game, we won on the round.

S.A.C. III vs. U.T.S. III

On Saturday, November 23rd, the third team played with U.T.S. their third and last game of the season.

The U.T.S. team being a very light one S.A.C. were easy conquerors the score being, S.A.C. 29. U.T.S. 0.

The following were granted third team colours:

Heap, Emory, Applegath I (Capt.), Pugsley, Glenn, Findlay I, McMichal, Ashton, Marsh, Davidson, Crowther, Noonan I, Leckie II, Sissons.

L.J.A.

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY

Owing to conditions caused by the Influenza the Lower School Rugby teams spent the entire season at home. One practice game with Model, however, which resulted in an easy victory, proved that the First Team might have had a successful year had it not been for restriction.

T.R.K.

LOWER SCHOOL—FIRST TEAM

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The prospects for a good hockey season are brighter than they have been for the last five years. Of last year's eight colours seven are back, namely; Patten, Rendell, Syer, Cameron, Heap, McMullen and Gordon. Besides these there are available most of last year's seconds and thirds, not a few of whom looked very promising. Among new boys there should be some talent unearthed also. We are entered as usual in the Junior O.H.A. and hope to form the Prep. School group as was the case last year. Practice hours have been arranged at the Arena and we should be well under way before the holidays commence.

R. G. Gordon,
Prep. Captain.

Exchanges

D. K. FINDLAY—Editor

Following are exchanges received since the publication of the last number of the REVIEW:—

Acadia Athenæum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

The Black and Red—University School, Victoria, B.C.

Inklings—Ethical Culture School, New York.

The Windsorian—King's College School, Windsor, N.S.

Boone Review—Boone University, Wuchang, China.

Acta Ridleiana—Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

Acadia Athenæum being a University publication is rather of a higher standard that that of our other exchanges. It is well illustrated and the literary matter is bright.

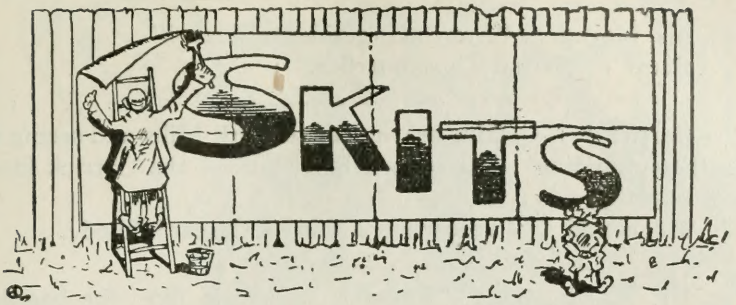
The Black and Red is little more than a catalogue of Athletic events. The illustrations are first class.

Inklings, from the School of Ethical Culture, New York, is a clever little magazine, particularly excelling in its poetry. The heading designs are good. A little lighter matter, however, in the form of skits or jokes, would make the publication more popular. We always welcome Inklings to our desk and read it with pleasure.

The Windsorian. An attractive magazine from cover to cover. Something good is expected from this famous old school and the editors do not disappoint us. We suggest a table of contents in the next number.

Boone Review. Though the poet says that, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," yet the orient sends a message to us in its journal which shows that their aims are one with ours. The entire magazine is of a heavy and serious nature and dwells mostly on the welfare of the country rather than with school matters. A few more pictures and a smile or two would be an improvement.

Acta Ridleiana has no table of contents and very few stories. It contains some good verse in the lighter vein.



W. E, McDONALD—EDITOR

FINANCIAL NEWS

An enterprise soon to be launched upon the troubled waters of the sea of business is the Carrick Hotel Company, Unlimited. There are three partners in the scheme at present but the prospects are that one of them will drop out. The business meetings are stormy in the extreme, so it is to be expected that at least one casualty will occur before the rooms are available for guests.

Many new features are to be inaugurated in the new hostelry. Board will be 50c. per square foot—meals extra. Breakfast will be served at five, dinner at six, supper at seven. There will be a private telephone line from each room to the undertaker's, so that hearses will always be available. Should a guest not desire a hearse and still want to drive he will find a hammer on the table. No alarm clocks will be needed as a light repast of biscuits made from self-raising flour will be provided at night. Snoring will not be tolerated as it might disturb the slumbers of the night-clerk. Bicycles and Ford Cars must not be kept under the pillow, but may be deposited in the office safe. Safety in case of fire is assured; there will be a fire escape only three blocks down the street. A pitcher will be found on each stand for the convenience of base-ball fans. No lights will be provided; should a guest require one he can open a pillow and take out a feather; that's light enough for any room. All bedrooms will be provided with halters in case a nightmare should prove troublesome. As the house will be supported by the foundation, guests need nor worry about paying their bills. Letters of enquiry should be addressed to the Tuck Shop as at least one of the firm is always to be found there.

C. H. ASHTON,
Publicity Agent.

Mr. Magee : "Are you in residence, Clare?"
Clare : "No sir, I'm a boarder."

Carrick I. : Getting seat in car to York Mills and seeing two brothers standing : "I see where a third of the Carrick family gets a seat."
McDonald : "I see where a third of the car is filled."

Dr. Macdonald : "There is no music like the bagpipes, it makes the greatest fighters in the world."
Mr. Laidlaw : "Yes, I always want to fight when I hear them."

Clare's philosophy : "The boy that kicks is the one that is having a good time; when trouble comes he is too busy trying to get out of it to think of kicking."

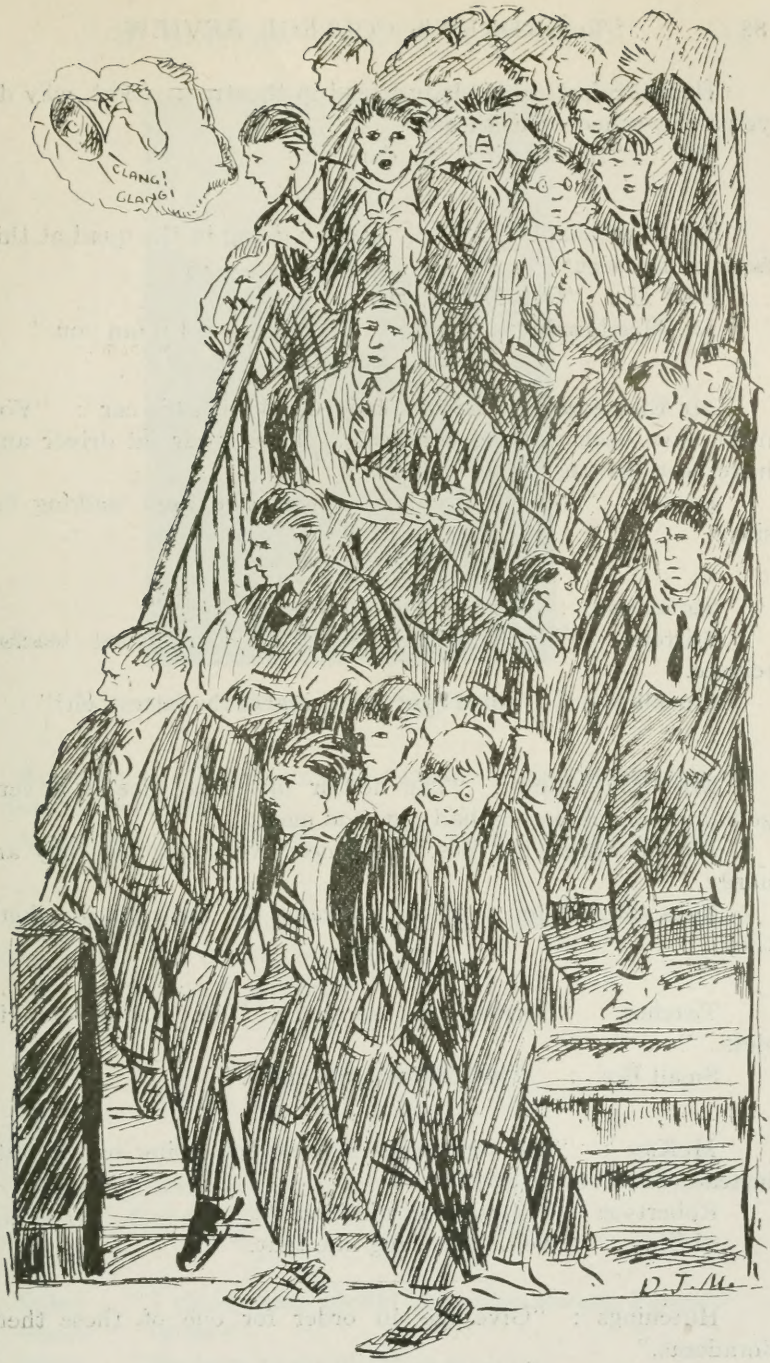
Prefect : "I have a very famous name; it is known wherever the English language is spoken."
New Boy : "What is it?"
Prefect : "Smith."

Sissons : At Station—"Taxi, how much to St. Andrew's College?"
Taxi : "Fifty cents."
Sissons : "How much for my grips?"
Taxi : "They are free."
Sissons : "All right, take them ; I'll walk."

Macdonald I : In rugby field—"What will we do with Boles?"
Dr. Macdonald : "Bole him over."

Mr Carmichael : In Physics class—"What is a chord?"
Millar : "It is a string, sir."

Smith : "Got a new helmet, eh?"
McDonald : wearing a lightly padded helmet—"Yes but there is nothing in it."
Smith : "I know."



7.45 A.M.

Head Prefect, to his lady friend in theatre : "Pat, why do you always choose this theatre?"

Pat : "Because it is the darkest."

Dr. Macdonald : "What are you doing in the quad at this hour of the night?"

Earl II : "Out for air, sir."

Dr. Macdonald : "Come to the office and I'll fan you."

Mr Emmerson, running a lady down with his car : "You must have been walking carelessly. I am a careful driver and have been driving for seven years."

Lady : "You got nothing on me; I've been walking for sixty."

Stonehouse : "Are all the old masters back?"

Stirrett : "Mr Detwiler is not; Mr. Carmichael teaches science."

Stonehouse : "Ah, a case of survival of the fattest, eh?"

Miss McCallum : "The doctor says that rice is a very good food, much better than eggs and meat."

Mr. McLaren : "Yes, Chinamen live on it and they are hardy."

Miss McCallum : "They always do look *tough*, don't they ?"

Teacher : "Correct this sentence, 'The teacher am in sight.' "

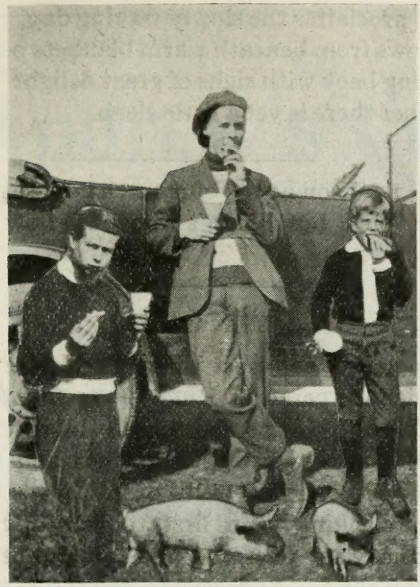
Small Boy : "The teacher am a sight."

McKay : "The vegetarian says we are going to get nuts instead of fruit after this."

Robertson : "You mean dietitian."

McKay : "Well, something like that."

Hutchings : "Give me an order for one of those there floradoras."



WEINERS—ALPHA AND OMEGA
(An Idyll of York Mills)

Ferguson : "You have two minutes to get dressed and be in time for breakfast."

Macdonald I : "Oh gee, only one more minute to sleep."

Stonehouse, at dance : "They say that the homeliest fellows always take out the prettiest girls."

Syb. : "Oh you flatterer."

Doctor : "We must isolate the patient."

Nurse : "Where will we put the ice, doctor?"

Hewitt, drilling awkward squad : "Your line is crooked as a corkscrew; all of you fall out and take a look at it."

Sidey : "I think Heap should have been named Flannel."

Glenn : "Why?"

Sidey : "Because he shrinks from washing."

The bell proclaims the slowly waking day,
The fellows from beneath warm blankets peep;
But falling back with sighs of great delight
Remember there is yet a little sleep.

A. W. REYNOLDS.

Gordon II. : "You have your watch home again, eh ?"

Ashton : "Yes, but I don't know for how long,—it's going again."

THE GAME

One afternoon at half-past three, St. Andrew's Seconds met U.C.C. in a friendly game of Rugby,—as fine a game as you'd wish to see. Right on time the whistle blew. Clift kicked off, we broke right through; we gave a Hoot and they a yell ; St. Andrew's boys were starting well. St Andrew's team were playing fast, never slacking from first to last; McDonald made a beautiful run and went over the line for number one. Just before the whistle blew, St. Andrew's scored touch number two ; and now it was the fun began, a U.C. man got the ball and ran.

Mid shouts of applause and yelling much, Upper Canada scored her only touch;

"Come on St. Andrew's," yelled our men,

"Up and at 'em, score again."

Big Kid Stirritt of weight and fame, won for himself a glorious name ; he drew from us yells, put pep in our hoots, and shook Upper Canada right to her boots. Every man was playing fine ; they couldn't break St. Andrew's line. Our rooters yelled, "put her over men," and Norman Mason scored again.

The loudest rooter for our team was our cute little mascot, Pat McVean ; he yelled so long and he yelled so loud, that he scared the whole Upper Canada crowd. Eddie Loomis with well kicked punts, from us brought Hoots, from the others grunts ; for he kicked her over three times or more, each time adding to our score.

Now Zeke McKay, the Captain true, deserves great praise, I think, don't you? For the way he handled his team they say, is the best it's been done for many a day. The whistle thrilled. the game was done ; St. Andy's sons had fought and won ; and so the score, as all may see,—Upper Canada five, St. Andrew's twenty-three.

A. W. REYNOLDS.

St. Andrew's College
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Mason : "I ate in one of those new style lunch rooms to-day."

Loomis : "What new style?"

Mason : "I think they call them grabateria."

Master : "What were you doing with your light on late last night, Pink?"

Pink : "I was walking in my sleep and turned the light on to see where I was going."

Mr. Robinson : "Findlay, what is chaos?"

Findlay : "I don't know exactly, but it is something they always bring order out of."

A BIRTHDAY—WHOSE?

Mr. Fleming : "What is an average?"

Bradley : "Sir, it's what the hen in the arithmetic lays an egg a day on."

Emory : "Glenn told me you told him that secret I told you not to tell him."

Ponce : "It's beastly of him to have told you that. I told him not to tell you."

Emory : "Well I told him I wouldn't tell you he told me, so don't tell him I did."

Suarez : "They say that Mr. Chapman just raves over Pink's piano playing."

Puerto I : "Huh! Why can't he control his feelings like the rest of us"

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When the rooster crows at sunshine
In that strident tone of his,
Then the weather either changes
Or remains just as it is.

JOSEPH EASTON MCDOUGALL.

Mr. Findlay : "Yuill, what are seasoned troops?"

Yuill : "Those that have been mustarded by their officers and peppered by the enemy."

Ferguson : "Why does Clare always play classical music."

Glenn : "I suppose it's because he wants no one to know when he makes a mistake. If he played a real tune he would have to know how to play."

Dr. Macdonald : "Where did you sprain your ankle Sterritt?"

Sterritt : "Sir, on the steps of the Acamedic building."

There were three young ladies of Birmingham—
We know a sad story concerning 'em,
They stuck several pins
In the Right Reverend shins
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

WYATT BRADFIELD MACDONALD.

Science Master : "What happens when light falls in water at an angle of forty-five degrees."

Sterritt : "It goes out, sir."

Emory : "I slept like a log last night."

Pink : "Yes, with a saw going through it."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Is the world round or flat, Ashton?"

Ashton : "Sir, it's neither, it's crooked."

Visitor speaking to Master : "That boy has a very well shaped head."

Mr. Magee : "Oh yes, it's perfectly good—never been used."

Mr. Fleming : "Piccott, what three words do you most often use?"

Piccott : "I don't know."

Mr. Fleming : "Correct."

There once was a youngster named Pringle,
Who sat down and wrote a short jingle,
His dad said: "A poet?
Well, not if I know it,"
Then he applied a hard shingle.

By Himself.

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"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Dingman—to Tyrer on way to Church : "Have you been confirmed?"

Tyrer : "I sure have—got the mark on my arm yet."

Mr. Emmerson : "Don't you think Macdonald I. should have his voice cultivated ? "

Mr Magee : "No, I think it should be harvested."

The Crown Prince

His nose is red ;
His eyes are blue ;
His chin recedes ;
His armies, too.—*Life*.

MacPherson : "I feel like thirty cents."

Loomis : "Prices are going up."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Can any one tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

McVean : "Yes sir, it was signed at the bottom."

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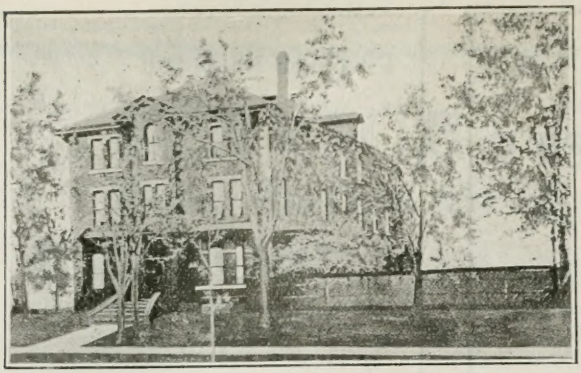

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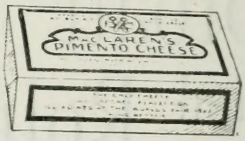

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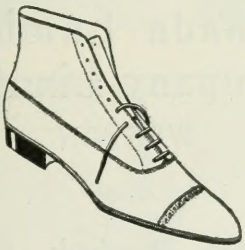

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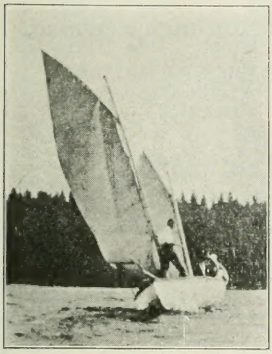

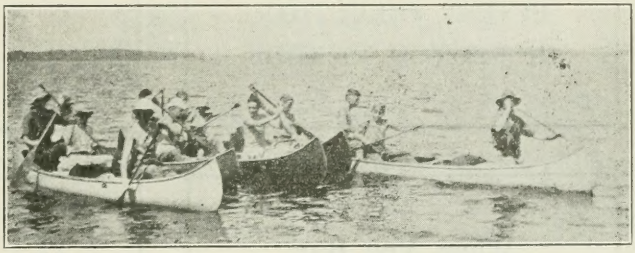

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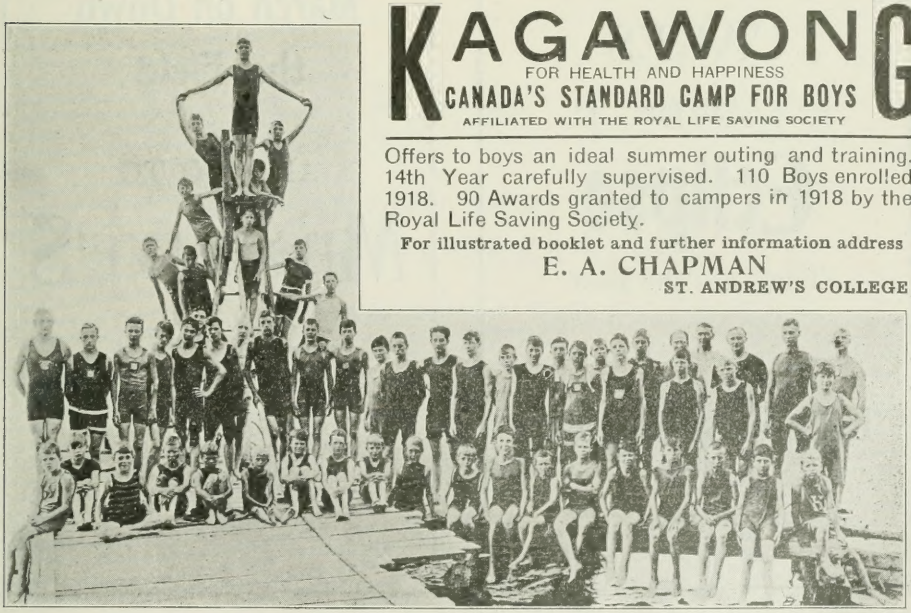

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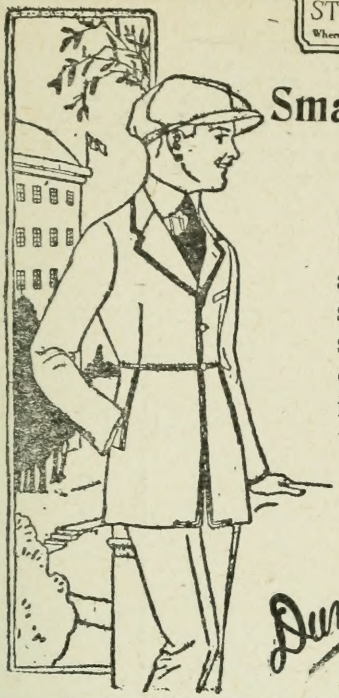

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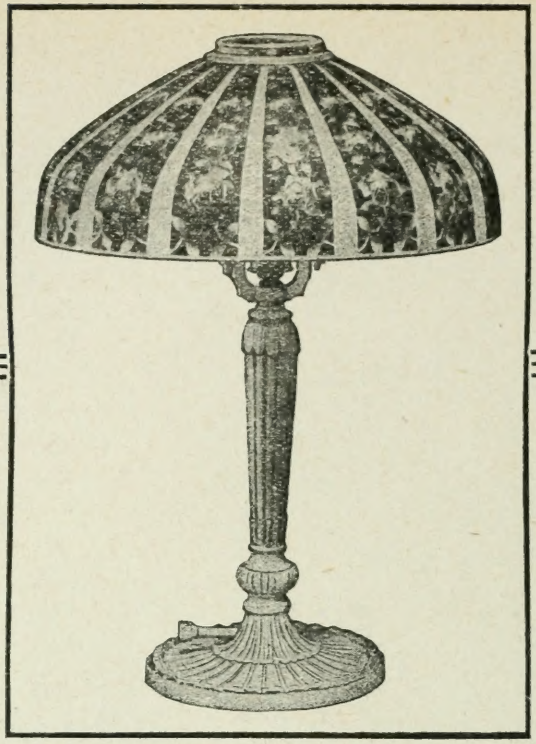

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